THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIV. NO. 45. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1895.—FOURTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A.O.H. GOSSIP.

Magnificent Turnout and Parade of the City and County Divisions of the Ancient Order in Honor of the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan.

The Prelate and Father Carroll Return Thanks to the Organization—The Order in Massachusetts—A Coming Event.

Sunday, Nov. 3, was a gala day in Hyde Park. Every division in Cook county sent a contingent to welcome his Grace Archbishop Feehan on his visit to St. Thomas' parish. From Drexel boulevard to Kimbark avenue the broad thoroughfare of Fifty-first street was crowded with Hibernians, wearing their neat regalia and headed by uniformed knights, whose nodding plumes and handsome uniforms were the centre of attraction. Sharp at 2 o'clock the Grand Marshal, County President Henely, gave the signal to his aide-in-chief, M. J. Pierce, of Div. 36, and a platoon of twenty-five of "the finest," under command of Lieut. Lavin, led the column west to the boulevard. McCarthy's fife and drum corps woke the quiet echoes of Madison Park with gay marching tunes, and set the time for the swinging step of the Hibernian Knights, who, under Capt. Connolly, led the parade. The only remark which seemed to qualify the almost universal praise was from an enthusiastic bystander, who cried: "It's a pity there ain't a regiment of them," and I think every Hibernian present had the same wish in his heart.

Our brothers from the divisions made a splendid showing, over five hundred being in line. Nearly every member of the County Board was present. From the South Side came Nos. 19, 35, 17 and 2, with Brothers Thomas, Holden, P. B. Flanagan, M. Mulcahy, O'Brien and Hanrahan in command. From the Englewood district a numerous representation arrived from Nos. 23, 26, 16, 6, 10, 15 and 37, under control of Brothers W. J. Doherty, T. Baker, Felix Hughes, Hugh McNally, T. Kerwin, J. Bacon, H. Ryan, P. Cummings, J. Small, Patrick Ryan, F. Galliger, J. Dohney, James Brannigan, James McCann, P. Grace and many other officers whose efforts preserved excellent order. The West Side sent the brothers of Nos. 1, 7 and 11 to swell the ranks, led by Brothers Tim Cullinane, J. Brennan, Bradshaw, Kirby, Sullivan, Tuohy and O'Brien. No. 9 of South Chicago joined ranks with No. 29 of Kensington and No. 36 of Hyde Park Centre, officered by Brothers P. F. O'Sullivan, D. M. Duggan, Owen Ahern, P. Devers, P. McNeff, Thomas Ahern, P. J. Reilly, P. J. Tully, J. H. Ryan, William McMahon, William Meredith, A. Ledwich, Thomas Daly and B. Owens. From over the river Brother P. J. Sullivan of No. 8, assisted by Brothers Monahan and McHugh, and Brothers Hanrahan, Lyons, Perkins and Lavelle, of No. 3, brought the North Side brothers, unwearied by their long journey. The rolling mills district had No. 13 away up near the front, headed by President John E. Long, P. F. Conway and Michael Jordan, and made an excellent showing in numbers and discipline.

On the arrival of the Archbishop the procession counter-marched past the carriages in which were seated his Grace, accompanied by the Rt.-Rev. Bishop Gabriels, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., Rev. Fathers Carroll, Magnire, Fitzsimmons and other clergymen. The Archbishop was earnest in his expression of appreciation for the splendid welcome, and spoke highly of the excellent demeanor of the divisions in line. The Knights elicited much praise from the reverend gentlemen, some of whom had not seen our uniform in parade. After escorting the Archbishop to the church on Kimbark avenue and Fifty-fifth street, the divisions adjourned to the hall of Div. 36, where refreshments were served by the Hyde Park brothers to their visitors. I must not forget to mention that Court St. Thomas, C.O.F., took part in the parade, carrying their splendid banner and headed by P. F. Ryan, Thomas Mulvihill, William Ryan and James O'Brien. An excellent photograph of the Hibernian Knights was secured, which will, I understand, be for sale and will be a very pretty souvenir of the occasion. I cannot help repeating the Archbishop's words when referring to the parade: "It was splendid and so well managed. The Hibernians have done me much honor, and I assure them I appreciate the same. I am very much obliged to them all for this magnificent reception."

I must say everyone concerned was astonished at the response to the invitation of Div. 36, and that humble branch will never be able to express in adequate terms its thanks to the Cook county brothers for their magnificent demonstration. There was not an incident to mar the pleasure of the day, and there were hundreds of spectators whose interest was awakened in an Order whose ranks it saw for the first time in marching order. The State President desires to return to all, on behalf of the reverend pastor, Father J. J. Carroll, that gentleman's sincere thanks for the assistance and numbers lent in making the reception of Nov. 3 worthy of so esteemed and loved a prelate as Archbishop Feehan.

I note in the Boston *Republic* no less than two and a half columns of news of the A. O. H. Every division in Boston seems alive with enthusiasm and energy. Each meeting appears to be a love feast and a renewal of early interest. This is as it should be. I only wish our friends in Cook would try a little of the treatment the Bostonians are using to keep their workers up to concert pitch. I also notice that the officers are working in perfect harmony with the rank and file, and that consequent good feeling prevails. I am not surprised that they have so many initiations and so few suspensions. We must, after the election of officers for the ensuing term, adopt similar plans to arouse interest in the work of the Order. I do not confine my remarks to the officers, but extend the same to the rank and file, because, no matter what some officers will do or try to do, they cannot succeed in accomplishing any good. Some manage to elect themselves into a position where the work of the office is stopped by their occupying the same, and where the members must fasten their eyes in silent prayer, waiting for the end of their term. It is to the rank and file of those divisions I appeal to lend their help to increase the membership. I appeal to the patient men who each year commence a new term with the hope that it will prove better than the last, and who, even if disappointed, commence anew with the hope that the next will be better. Those true hearts I call to come out into the arena where failing hearts need help, and enter into the good fight with the earnestness which has distinguished them in their quiet persistent waiting and loyalty to the cause of the A. O. H. under all circumstances. If those gallant old souls will but hear the call and answer with their usual promptness, each will bring a new proposition to the next meeting of his division, and the names will be those of *men*, not of butterflies, who are with us in sunshine and gone in storm. Let us hear from the old guard.

On Saturday, Nov. 9, the committee of arrangements for the entertainment at Central Music Hall, on Dec. 31, will meet in the club room at McCoy's Hotel. The tickets will be ready for distribution, and I hope every brother on receiving the same will leave no effort untried to dispose of them. You have permitted your county president to invite the foremost Hibernian in America to be your orator on the occasion, and if there are vacant seats in the hall, if there is not an audience worthy of the Order and Maurice F. Wilhere, everlasting disgrace will rest on Cook county. No officers will again raise their voices to boast of Cook county or Illinois if such an event does not receive that support which can in advance raise its prospects above even the shadow of doubt. We cannot make it a success by writing, by talking or thinking; plain, practical work can achieve our purpose. Every member should interest himself in the sale of tickets, and every visiting brother should urge the necessity of the same when speaking to a division. Don't let anyone entertain the idea that some one else is doing his work, no one else can do it, and if you fail to do it it will be undone and we will be the losers, nay, you also will be the loser, and the community will be losers. I hope our officers will impress this on every brother. Hold special meetings, if necessary, but keep working, don't procrastinate.

State Secretary Daniel McGlynn says he has much trouble with secretaries' reports. Few, if any, are filled in properly. Officials should notice that the blanks have certain printing on them and should go to the trouble of reading the same. I must again ask the rank and file to help, and by rising in their divisions make inquiry if the report has been sent on, and if not, why not? If I can get the State Secretary's permission I will publish in these letters some of the courteous(?) replies he has received from division secretaries whose reports he sent back for correction. They will look well in print and be very instructive to the division membership when selecting new officers.

A recent issue of the Philadelphia *Hibernian* gave a front page to County President Henely's report, which somehow reached its office, and I am glad to note such kindly feeling for the struggling west in the well-edited organ of the best organized State in the union. Illinois needs friends in every State at the coming National convention, as one is inclined to be of the opinion from the utterances of its speaker, the brothers of the Prairie State will go to Detroit with a candidate for every office from president to doorkeeper. Chicago nerve or wind, which?

I am compelled to omit several items of interest from the State this week, but expect to be able to present THE CITIZEN readers with a large budget next week. By the way, can't the divisions start clubs of subscribers for THE CITIZEN now that we are steady tenants? Any correspondence to the undersigned will receive attention. The County Board will meet Sunday, Nov. 10.

ER.

That Tired Feeling should be overcome at once or it may end most seriously. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now and prevent sickness and suffering later in the season.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable, sure.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

SCOTLAND'S ATTITUDE.

Mr. Waddie, Honorary Secretary of the Scottish Home Rule Association, Lectures Justin McCarthy on Practical Politics.

He Proposes That Scotland, Ireland and Wales Unite to Force England to Recognize Their Right to Native Legislatures.

Justin McCarthy, M.P., sent the following letter to Mr. Charles Waddie, secretary of the Scottish Home Rule Association, declining to attend the conference of that association in Edinburgh last month:

"73 EATON TERRACE, S.W. LONDON, Oct. 10.—*Charles Waddie, Esq.*,—*Sir:* I could not in any case, owing to engagements already made, attend the Conference of the Scottish Home Rule Association in Edinburgh on the 28th of October. But even if my engagements left me free to attend your meeting, I do not see how I, as an Irish Nationalist member of parliament, could take part in the proceedings. The third resolution recommending the members of parliament from Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, to unite as one party, with a common leader, to enforce the just demands of the three countries for home rule, is one to which I could not possibly give my assent. I quite admit the just claims of Scotland and Wales, too—for home rule in national and domestic legislation, and these claims shall always have my earnest advocacy. But I cannot consent to submerge the national cause of Ireland in any other movement. We shall do all we can to help you in your movement. You, I know, will do all you can to help us in ours. But we must do battle as allies, and under our separate national flags. Very truly yours,

JUSTIN MCCARTHY."

SECRETARY WADDIE'S REPLY.

Mr. McCarthy received the following reply to his letter of declination:

SCOTTISH HOME RULE ASSOCIATION. 79 PRINCE'S STREET, EDINBURGH, 16th October, 1895.—*Justin McCarthy, Esq., M.P.—Dear Sir:* I am in receipt of your favor of the 10th, and as several other Irish members have written me in the same strain, I trust you will not think me impertinent if I again address you. There is nothing further from the thought of Scottish Home Rulers than to try and delay the granting of a full measure of justice to Ireland. We never had the slightest objection to the bill for Ireland being passed first; nay, such is our innate modesty, we are willing to take the fourth place and let the bills for England and Wales be passed before ours. It is of no moment which are passed first, as none can come into operation till all are passed. I feel considerable diffidence in seeming to instruct so experienced a politician, but so fatal is the error of trying to settle home rule by what is called "Ireland First" I venture to give some reasons for showing such a plan to be impossible. The first home rule bill of Mr. Gladstone divorced Ireland from the British parliament, but still left that parliament with power to tax the Irish people. It violated every just principle of constitutional government, and no self-respecting people would have continued to live under such an unjust government. The end was certain war between England and Ireland. The second bill of Mr. Gladstone professed to do what that aged statesman said formerly "surpassed the wit of man." It gave Ireland a parliament of her own, in which neither Englishmen, Scotchmen, nor Welshmen had any voice, but left, 80 Irish members to vote on all questions pertaining to the other three countries of the union. The absurdity as well as iniquity of the proposal received its fitting reward at the last general election. Is the same folly to be repeated? Not twice, but twenty times would such a measure be rejected!

What, then, are the difficulties in the way of Home Rule for Ireland alone? It is simply impossible. There is no example of such a state in any constitutional country. The difficulties, however vanish when even devolution all round is fairly grasped. It is alike just to England and Ireland. Must the hopes of Ireland be then relegated to some remote period when the other three countries have leisure to consider the question? Not at all, the problem is ready to be solved now. One session of parliament would settle the whole question. Whether the present government or some future one will face the question remains with the people of the three smaller nations. Let them be united and no government will dare to slight their constitutionally expressed wishes. It is pertinent to ask—how can one session settle so complicated a question as Home Rule all round? Simply by devoting that session to that question alone. Let all reformers and would be reformers stand aside. The reform most needed is to get the proper machinery for attaining all reforms. There need be little diversity in the four bills creating statutory parliaments. When one is passed it will serve as a model for the other three.

For the above reasons I hold the Scottish Home Rule Association to be the true friend of Ireland by advocating a practical scheme of Home Rule. There is only one other sentence I think I should add, and that is there is no Scottish Home Ruler in the most remote degree who has any ill-will toward England or Englishmen. We believe that Home Rule is for the good of England, and that it will be a four-fold blessing, and enable the British people to fulfill their high destiny.

As this letter refers to a public question, unless I hear from you that you object, I will send the correspondence to the press. Yours truly,

CHARLES WADDIE, Hon. Sec.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

ARE WE READY FOR THE COMBAT?

Are we ready for the combat—
Are we ready for the fray—
If our foe the hated Saxon
Were involved in war today?
Are our hosts equipped and marshaled,
Listening watchful for the word,
And our millions' willing arms
Raised to grasp the waiting sword?

Shall the moment come and find us
Unprepared to strike the blow—
The moment that we've prayed for
Through a century of woe?
Shall the blow be unattempted,
Or but weakly struck in vain,
And the time be gone for ever
That had come to break the chain?

Shall the tyrant that has wronged us
And our kith and kin for years,
Still sail in haughty triumph
O'er the billows of our tears?
And the flood of wanton slaughter—
The red deluge of our gore—
That cries aloud for vengeance
Shall it be avenged no more?

Oh the debt we owe is heavy,
And if o'er that debt be paid
We must strengthen every arm—
We must sharpen every blade:
Are we earnestly preparing
For the struggle by-and-by—
Safely hoarding our munitions
And our powder keeping dry?

What care we for the sneering
Of the coward and the slave?
They have always mocked the efforts
Of the manly and the brave.
If we hope for Ireland's freedom
When the dogs of war shall bay,
We must arm ourselves for combat
And be ready for the fray.

P.T.E.M'G.

FALSEHOODS EXPLODED.

The New York *Daily News*, having published a synopsis of those extraordinary resolutions which purported to come from an alleged mass meeting in Philadelphia, and which were filled with calumnies and ridiculous falsehoods, one of them being that the cablegrams and telegrams read at the late Irish National convention were bogus; the Secretary of the Irish National Alliance quietly called on the editor of the *News* and submitted the cablegrams and telegrams for his closest scrutiny. The *Daily News* then published the following letter from the secretary:

Editor of the News: In a recent issue there appeared a synopsis of resolutions passed by certain persons in Philadelphia condemning the recent Irish convention, and the Irish National Alliance there inaugurated. You are probably not aware that these infamous resolutions were peddled around among the Philadelphia papers and refused insertion at advertising rates. I will pass their vicious onslaught upon the personal character of the officers of the Irish National Alliance—attacks which make every man who has signed the resolutions amenable to an action for libel. I pity the foolish men who appended their names to so vile an emanation of blackguardism; but they were simply stool pigeons for the skulking coward who inspired the resolutions, but lacked the courage to openly endorse them. Two statements have been made in these precious resolutions that may possibly deserve attention. One is that there were only 100 delegates from points outside Chicago. That assertion can be easily disproved by writing to the various railroad associations and finding the number of rebate certificates signed by Mr. Keating, secretary of the committee of arrangements. That would still leave unaccounted for a large number of delegates who, like those from New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere, made special arrangements, and again, for many who paid full fare or had railroad passes.

The second statement is that the cablegrams from over the sea and the telegrams from various points in the United States were bogus. You yourself, sir, have seen those cablegrams and telegrams, you read them and examined them, just as they were read and examined by the reporters of the Chicago press, as the secretary received and read them.

The Irish National Alliance does not deal in calumny, nor does it intend to enter on the miserable path of recrimination. All it asks is fair play, and, with "justice to all and malice toward none," it will try to give a helping hand to Irishmen who are not yet sufficiently cowed to barter their country's national independence for a British provincial collar. Yours respectfully,

JOHN P. SUTTON,
Secretary Irish National Alliance.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

CATHOLIC WOMEN.

They Organize for a Great Charity Ball to be Held at the Auditorium on the 11th of December.

Full List of the Officers and Committees Having the Matter in Charge.

The first of the charity balls will be a brilliant inauguration of what is undoubtedly going to be a gay and spirited social winter in Chicago. The Catholic women will give the first charity ball at the Auditorium, Dec. 11. It will be directly under the auspices of the National Catholic Women's League, but hundreds of ladies who have not time to participate in the work of that organization will co-operate with it in making the ball a social and financial success. The chairman of the ball committee is Mrs. Charles A. Plamondon, who possesses the tact and accomplishments for so responsible a position. Associated under Mrs. Plamondon's chairmanship are the following committees:

Invitations—Mesdames James Eagle, A. J. Graham, W. H. Alexander, W. P. Henneberry, Michael Cudahy, B. A. Lungergren, John Dadee, M. W. Ryan, John Miles and W. E. Gallagher, and Misses Sarah Hickey, Mollie Casey, E. A. Smith, Lydia Donahue, Sarah Greves Gaynor and Theresa Cannon.

Printing—Mesdames J. B. Sullivan, C. F. Smith, W. P. Henneberry, Mary C. Wilson, M. W. Ryan and Miss Sarah Greves Gaynor.

Decoration—Mesdames M. J. La Bounte, J. H. Amberg, J. C. Carroll, M. Benner, A. J. Graham, J. O'Malley, Albert Flannigan, Thomas Judge, Misses Rebecca Gallery, Mollie Casey, Mary Smyth.

Ribbon for floor committee—Mesdames J. J. Gallery, J. B. Murphy; Messrs. M. Smyth, Charles Bohannon, R. Newton; Misses Sarah Greves Gaynor, Cecelia Cudahy, Lydia Donahue.

Floor—Misses Cecelia Cudahy, Mary Kerwin, Lydia Donahue.

Reception—D. F. Bremner, John S. Cooke, J. B. Murphy, W. A. Amberg, Z. P. Brosseau.

Boxes—Mesdames Michael Cudahy, J. B. Sullivan, Alexander Sullivan, James Eagle, P. H. Rice, A. Plamondon, W. P. Henneberry, M. J. La Bounte, John Fortune, Thomas Graham, J. McMahon, W. E. Gallagher, D. F. Bremner, W. F. Henrotin, J. H. Amberg, D. B. Scully, John O'Malley, W. P. Rend, W. H. Alexander, J. J. Gallery, P. J. O'Keefe, A. J. Graham, Daniel Corkery, Mary Wilson, W. A. Amberg, A. G. Dayton, J. C. Carroll, J. B. Murphy, Thomas Byrne, M. Benner, M. J. Corboy, J. L. Burke; Misses Mollie Casey, Josie Fortune, Cecelia Cudahy, Sarah Hickey, Rebecca Gallery, Mary Kerwin, Mary Smyth, Nellie Leneen.

Music—Mesdames J. B. Murphy, J. J. Gallery, Charles Bohannon, Robt. Newton, P. J. O'Keefe, Thomas Judge, L. Buhman, D. Corkery, T. J. Sullivan, J. J. Lyons; Misses Margaret McAuley, Margaret Smyth.

Press—George Hill, Mrs. Kathryn Prindiville, Miss Corneau.

Mrs. James E. Eagle is treasurer of the ball, and Miss Anna FitzGerald secretary. Already a number of the boxes have been taken. They are selling at a uniform price of $100, but there will probably be an auction later, at which premiums will be accepted for the first, second and third choices. Tickets to the ball are $10, admitting gentleman and lady; $3 for and additional lady. The decoration, music, reception, printing and other committees are all busily at work. The committee meetings are held in the committee rooms of the entresol of the Auditorium. The treasurer dispatches her work at her home, No. 460 Elm street, north division. The chairman's address is No. 413 West Monroe street.

The beneficiaries of the ball, so far as at present decided, are the free day nurseries and kindergartens maintained in the three divisions of the city by the Catholic Women's League. Many a poor mother is enabled by them to keep her little family together. Many a woman who otherwise would be confronted with a police station or worse through poverty is aided until employment enables her to take care of herself. Every year hundreds of little children are succored and life made happier for the forlorn and forgotten of society.

The president of the Catholic Women's National League is Mrs. P. J. O'Keefe, and to her energy and talents a great deal of its efficient organization and beneficent activity is due. Mrs. Daniel Corkery is first vice-president and Mrs. D. F. Bremner second vice-president. The recording secretary is Mrs. W. E. Gallagher, and the financial secretary is Miss Elizabeth A. Smyth. The treasurer is Mrs. M. J. La Bounte, and the corresponding secretary Mrs. M. W. Ryan. These ladies, with the chairman of the committees on membership, finance, social, ways and means, and printing, make the board of managers.

The work of the Catholic Women's League is done under departments. Miss Margaret L. McAuley is chairman of the educational department, Mrs. A. G. Dayton of the department of philanthropy, Miss Mary Smyth of the department of art and literature, and Mrs. Plamondon is chairman of the social committee. The meetings are held Saturdays in the new Steinway Hall at 2 o'clock, departments and social committee taking their turn in the direction of the gatherings. In all the meetings, except those devoted to business, there is music, with other incidents that entertain and sometimes also instruct. Financially the Catholic Women's League is in a prosperous state. Members who fail in complying with their obligations are dropped after due notice, and thus no dead wood remains on the rolls. The initiation fee is $5 and the annual dues $3. There are 400 members. Election is procurable only through the membership committee and the board of managers. The society is an organ of culture for its own members, as well as an agency for humanity in its philanthropic work.

If the ball receipts warrant they may be shared with other charities of like character.—*Times-Herald.*

THE MANCHESTER MARTYRS.

The second meeting of the committee of arrangements for the Allen, Larkin and O'Brien celebration at Central Music Hall on Saturday evening, Nov. 23, was held at 81 Clark street on Sunday last, the Hon. P. V. Fitzpatrick presiding. The secretary, T. H. Clifford, was also present. The committee on speakers and address reported the following list of speakers for the evening: Chairman of the evening, Mathey P. Brady; reader of address, W. A. Cunnea; speaker of the evening, Clarence S. Darrow.

The committee on music, etcetera, announced that it had secured some of the best talent in the country for the vocal and instrumental portion of the entertainment.

This year's demonstration promises to be the largest and most enthusiastic one yet given under the auspices of the United Irish Societies.

A VENERABLE BLASPHEMY.

(*Northwestern Catholic, Nov. 2.*)

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Iowa Catholic Messenger*, quotes approvingly on its editorial page a news item from the New York *Democrat* to the effect that "at a great meeting held Oct. 14 in Philadelphia, the members of the A.O.H. proved their Christian patriotism by denouncing the so-called New Irish Movement." Then the *Messenger* article terminates with the following beautiful quotation:

"The crown of Ireland is bright with the jewels of martyrdom; with Christ, she is like the lamb before its shearer; with Him, thorns and stripes are her portion on earth: but with Him, too, she will be glorified in heaven; even on earth a glorious resurrection may be destinied for her; but imprudence will not hasten its dawn, nor blunt one thorn of her bloody crown, as experience has shown."

This beautiful quotation is a modified form of the sanctimonius rot to which we have listened since childhood, and by which our fathers were lulled into insensibility. It became an accepted fact that the Irish were God's chosen people; that they wore crowns of thorns; that the Sassenach was the divinely appointed sheep shearer who stole their wool and left them to smell and shiver in English corduroys and calicos; and all this as a part of the divine purpose, to the end that they would be "glorified in heaven." A celebrated Irish bishop described them as the sparks that flew from the blacksmith's anvil, enlightening the darkness around them; but the figure of speech was as ridiculous as the assumption, because the sparks from the anvil fell into the darkness and became a part of it. The doctrine that a special Providence has operated to expatriate the Irish that they might enlighten the world is at one and the same time blasphemous and ridiculous; as if a free and prosperous Irish people couldn't do more for the enlightenment of mankind than could the wretched generations of plundered and famine-stricken exiles that British power sent adrift from the "fairest island that the sun of God looks down upon."

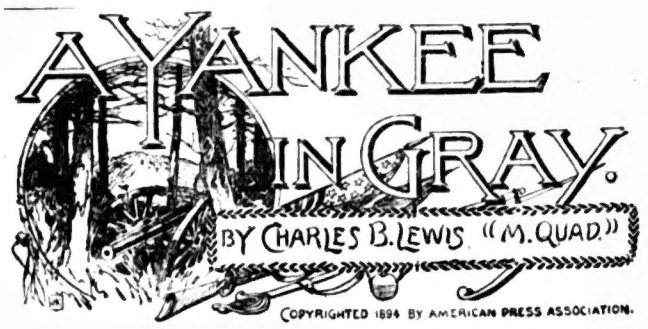
If the future holds in store for Ireland the faintest hope of freedom, or if freedom could be useful to her people if they possessed it, the race must rid itself of the blasphemous consolation that subjection to England is an assurance of God's favor. Far better to impress upon them the assurance that eight centuries of servitude is the punishment inflicted by a "mighty and a jealous God" for the sins of their ancestors, who,

"While their tyrants joined in hate,
Never joined in love."

A lamblike attitude before Almighty God is altogether edifying and admirable; but it isn't lambs nor saints that are required to maintain a nation's resistance to the power of England. If the Irish race are to be free at home and respected abroad they must cultivate the admirable virtue of enlightened hatred; and by this we mean not a hatred of individuals, of race or of religion, but a lasting, active and effective hatred of cruelty and wrong; an inspiring hatred that will greet the blood-stained flag of England with a curse, and the encroachments of its power with a rifle or a torch wherever in any region they appear. This sort of Irish patriotism put into effect would be more pleasing in the sight of God than the blasphemous assumption that charges against the Almighty every calamity that reason would trace to a perfectly natural cause.

West Baden and French Lick Springs.

Commencing Wednesday, May 15, and continuing every Wednesday and Saturday night thereafter, a special Sleeping Car will be run direct from Chicago to West Baden and French Lick Springs via the Monon Route, returning Thursday and Sunday nights. Tickets and Sleeping Car reservations at City Ticket Office, 232 Clark street, Telephone Main 174.



CHAPTER I.

The day and date is the 21st of July, 1861.

The scene is the battleground of first Bull Run, a field made memorable forever.

From daybreak to high noon the Federal army under McDowell has been moving down on the Confederate position selected weeks ago by the generals old in the strategy of war. On the flanks brigades have grappled in the open fields, regiments have dashed at each other in the forests and thickets. Here a little ground has been gained, there a little lost. It has been the skirmishing which precedes every battle, locating the enemy, testing his readiness, drawing his strength and uncovering his designs.

The hour is high noon. The Confederate front has been pressed back, the left wing shattered. Men looking down on the battlefield from the hills of Centerville have every movement in plain view. At 12 o'clock the battle is won for the Federals. Bee, Barstow and Evans, who have held the Confederate center, have been beaten back by Burnside, Sykes and Porter. They give way slowly and grudgingly, fighting as they break back, and they are trying to rally, when there is a clatter of bayonets being fixed to muskets, and a thousand men rush forward at the double quick. It is the New York Twenty-seventh, and Colonel Slocum leads it, the first bayonet charge of the war—"Forward! Forward!" And the wedge drives into the Confederate center and rolls the fragments right and left.

The cheering is heard a mile away above the noise of battle. The Federal center moves forward to pursue the shattered enemy, and couriers ride away with the news, "We have pierced the Confederate center and won the day!"

Behind the flying Confederates is a plateau of 300 acres, comprising two or three farms. There are two or three farmhouses, orchards, meadows, thickets of pine, barren fields. Here is Stonewall Jackson with 5,000 men in reserve. The fragments of brigades, regiments and companies are hurled back to the slopes of this plateau to be rallied and reformed behind the reserves. Couriers ride away to Beauregard to ask for more artillery, infantry and cavalry, and while the Federals pause to replenish their cartridge boxes and gird up their loins for a last struggle 5,000 fresh Confederates are hurrying forward to the plateau.

Noon becomes 1 o'clock. The skirmishers are at work all along the front of the plateau, but there is no fighting.

Another hour slips away. The Federals have waited too long. At noon they could have carried the position with a rush. At 1 o'clock they would have met with stubborn resistance, but victory would have perched on their banners. Now as the Federals are ready to move the Confederate 5,000 have become 10,000, and their 10 pieces of artillery have become 20.

A majority of the troops are fresh and their nerves unshaken, and all are ready for the grapple.

Thirteen thousand Federals move against the plateau at different points almost as one man, and the battle opens with a great crash. Under General Jackson's immediate orders are five or six regiments. On the right of his line is a Virginia regiment. On the right of that regiment is a company from the Shenandoah valley. They have not been in action yet. As the Federals move up to the attack Rickett's Federal battery, supported by a Minnesota regiment, are in front of Jackson's men. The battery is wheeling into position, when the Virginia regiment is ordered to charge it. With a wild cheer, the command dashes forward, but to meet with such a withering volley from the western men that it falls back in confusion. Let us follow the company on the right. As it falls back its captain is left lying on the field. The first lieutenant should be in command, but neither he nor his fellow officer seeks to rally the disorganized men. The company is breaking back in a mob right under Jackson's eyes, when a private seizes the flag from the panic stricken color bearer and shouts:

"Halt, men, halt! Those who are not cowards will follow me!"

"Halt, men, halt! Those who are not cowards will follow me!"

It was too late to rally the company as a whole. It was breaking back on the reserve, headed by its two lieutenants, but at the call to rally about 30 of the men turned and raised a cheer and followed the flag. The sight of the flag and the echo of the cheers put heart into the beaten regiment. Something like order came out of confusion, and a moment later two-thirds of the regiment were fighting over the guns. The other regiments of the brigade moved up, and they came just in time. The First Michigan and Fourteenth New York were charging up to support the Minnesota men and save the guns.

And now for the space of a quarter of an hour 5,000 men fought with bayonet, with clubbed muskets, with whatever weapon they could wound or kill. It was the fight of a mob. It was a mob which went circling round and round the battery long ago disabled by the killing of all its horses. The Thirty-eighth New York, followed by a portion of the Fire Zouaves, went forward yelling and cheering, but they came too late to save all the guns. The Confederates held the ground and retained three of the pieces. As Jackson rides forward the company from the Shenandoah valley is dragging one of the captured guns to the rear.

"Who commands this company?" asked the general, looking in vain for a commissioned officer.

The men halted and stared at him, but no one replied.

"Where is your captain? Where are your lieutenants?" he demanded.

"Can't tell yo', general," answered a private who was bareheaded and coatless, "but the boss we are workin under jest now is that ar' Yankee with the flag!"

Jackson was about to speak further when an aid delivered an order, and he rode hurriedly away. There is no more fighting on this front. To the right and left the Federals charge again and again, but always to be beaten back. Did they number twice as many they could not dislodge the Confederates from the plateau. Nature made it for the key of a battlefield.

It is 3 o'clock, and the fight still rages fiercely. It is 4 o'clock, and the Federals are still battering at the slopes of the plateau. Half an hour later the volleys of musketry suddenly increase in volume, the artillery redoubles its fire, there is wild cheering all along the Confederate front. Johnston's troops have come up from the valley. He throws them into the battle, and the Federals are driven back. The Confederates push forward in pursuit, and the troops who were giving way slowly and retiring in good order suddenly become panic stricken.

An army panic is like unto nothing else in its foolishness, in its madness, in that feeling of terror which makes servile cowards of brave men for a few hours. In 30 minutes from the first wild shouts of alarm the highways leading back to Centerville were choked with the shattered, disorganized and fleeing Federal commands. Here and there feeble attempts were made to check the terrified mob, but each effort only increased the panic.

What were they fleeing from? Death? If so, almost every man of them had faced death for hours that day without flinching. They faced it now, as terrified men discharged their muskets and threw them into the ditches, as remnants of cavalry commands dashed into the mass, as fieldpieces and limbers and caissons, drawn by horses which seemed to have caught the spirit of terror, turned in from the fields at a mad gallop and rode down every obstruction. Men flee like shadows from a plague, but they know from what they flee.

Rushing into the highways, fighting each other as they struggled to reach the van, stumbling, falling, a chill of fear upon every heart, the army which had fought so well and long streamed into the hamlet of Centerville. There was no pursuit. There wasn't a brigade in the Confederate army in condition to pursue, nor was the extent of the Federal disaster known to Confederate officers. Here was a strong position, and here it was that troops who had not been in action were formed across the highway leading to Washington to check the panic stricken thousands. Mounted officers rode into the mob and shouted commands and appeals. The panting fugitives paused for a moment, but it was not to listen, not to obey, not to feel ashamed of their silly fears. It was to draw a long breath and then dash at the wall of glistening bayonets. The wall menaced them, the bayonets pointed at their breasts, but with one mighty surge the living wave dissolved the wall, hurled it down, flung the fragments to right and left, and the stream of humanity poured on over the hills and flowed the faster for its temporary check. It could not be checked again until it reached the Potomac.

CHAPTER II.

Let us go back a few weeks and connect the chain of events.

The thunder of a hundred guns had been let loose at Charleston, and the south was rushing to arms. One who has not witnessed the beginning of war cannot comprehend the insanity of excitement which accompanies the passage of each fateful day. We of the north were delaying, hoping, trying to make ourselves believe that war would be averted, though no one could tell how. While we were delaying the south was acting. No man in any southern community dared talk of peace. While the north raised regiments the south put brigades into camp and planned a campaign. While the north waited the south possessed itself of fort after fort. The streets of every city echoed the tread of marching men; every village was aroused by the music of the fife and drum. That generation knew nothing of war. Men looked upon the waving flags and rippling banners, the marching volunteers and the holiday attire and said to each other:

"Then this is war? Men who have written of war have deceived us. There is no suffering, no wounded, no dead. Let us also join in the march."

But historians had not deceived them. They were deceiving themselves. The beginning of war is merriment and feast. The end is marked by thousands of marble headstones bearing the single word "Unknown"—those and crape and tears and desolation. It is 4 o'clock in the afternoon of one of those never to be forgotten spring days of 1861, remembered now only by gray haired men and women. The scene is the ancient town of Winchester, in the beautiful Shenandoah valley, the garden spot of the Old Dominion. Under cover of a wooden awning sheltering the front of the old store and postoffice two men are seated at a table borrowed somewhere for the occasion. One of them wears the uniform of a militia captain; the other is in citizen's dress and has a list of names on a paper before him. Hear what the captain is saying to the men crowding up until they stand six or eight deep before him.

"We want 60 more men to fill up this company. Within a week we shall be ordered to the front. We want only young men and good men. Now, then, you all who want to go to war and see some fun put your names down on this paper. You, there, Steve Brayton, step up and sign!"

"How long shall we uns be gone, captain?"

"I reckon on 60 days."

"Then I'll put down."

"And I!"

"And I!"

"Say, captain," called a young farmer from the rear rank of the crowd, "can't yo' make the time 30 days? The old man's feelin porely this spring, and

"We want sixty more men to fill up this company."

he can't do no farm work. I'd like to go along with yo' all, but I can't spare over 30 days. Make it 30 days, and I'll put down."

"I don't like to say 30," replied the captain as he stood up to look over the crowd. "You see, we've got to get there, wherever it is, and then we've got to have a fight or two and march around, and I should reckon on 50 days anyhow. Better come along. You never did have no such chance to see fun in all your life before."

"Waal, I reckon 10 or 20 days won't make no great difference anyhow," said the man. And he pushed forward to add his name to the list.

Directly opposite two men sat looking out of a second story window. They were in the law office of Justin Williams, a lifelong citizen of the town and a lawyer of repute. He was a man of 55, but carried his age lightly. The other was a young man of 24, well built and having a plain but kindly face. He was Royal Kenton of Rhode Island, a graduate of law at a prominent university and the junior partner of the law firm of Williams & Kenton. They were uncle and nephew. Kenton had come down about 18 months before. As the relative and partner of a prominent citizen he was treated with courtesy. As a Yankee, fresh from Yankeeland, he was a subject of criticism, and there was little heart in the hospitality accorded him. There could not have been. He represented principles antagonistic to the south. There was no neutral ground in those days. A man represented not himself, but his section of country. The opinions of his section were considered to be his. A southerner at the north would have been looked upon through the same eyes and held responsible to the same extent. Men liked him as a man, but they detested him as a Yankee.

"Well, I am sorry this trouble has fallen upon the country," said the old lawyer as they watched the crowd opposite. "I have long felt that it must come sooner or later, but I hoped it would not be in my day. Nothing can now prevent war."

"But everybody appears to think it will end almost as soon as begun," replied Kenton.

"They do not stop to reflect," said the lawyer as his face assumed a more serious look. "I am a southerner, and I believe the south has been fully justified in her course, but our people are foolishly underestimating the strength and temper of the north. They will not let us go because we bluster and threaten. If the south secures a separation, it will have to be won on the field of battle. It was to be, and it has come, but it is to be deplored."

"If war comes, business will have to go," observed Kenton as he looked about the office.

"War is here, and our business has already fled," replied Williams. "Martial law will soon be proclaimed, and there will be no more use for judges, jurors and attorneys. I have wanted to ask you for several days what course you mean to pursue. If it was to be a war of 60 days, six months, or even a year, we might make certain plans, but it is to be a long and bloody struggle, and this very valley will be a battleground. We may as well close our office today as a month hence. Amid such excitement as this there can be no call for our services."

"I am a northern man," said Kenton after a moment's thought.

"Yes, they call you a Yankee."

"I have cared nothing for politics. There is a great principle herein involved, but our greatest statesmen are divided over it. The south seeks independence from a federation which has become unbearable. The north, or at least a goodly portion of it, denies the right of secession. This coming war is the consequence. I stand on neutral ground."

"You are neutral today, but you cannot be 30 days hence," said the old lawyer as a troubled look came into his face. "Do you find any neutral men in that crowd down there? Have you heard any neutral talk among our people? It may not be 10 days before you will be put to the test."

"What test?"

"Of your allegiance to one side or the other. Every young man in our town is hastening to volunteer. I am too old to be taken now, but later on I may be forced into the ranks. It will be a war in which the south will need her last man. I am not pledged to a southern confederacy, but I am pledged to Virginia. I go with my state. You have come down to cast your lot with us. It is for you to answer whether you are for or against your adopted state. Think it over. If you wish to go north, the routes are still open. If you wish to remain, you will be asked why you don't volunteer. I do not seek to influence you. Be guided by your own conscience. Tomorrow we will settle all business matters between us. It may be years before there is any further call for our legal talents in this or any other Virginia town. Military law will soon override everything."

The old lawyer rose up and passed down stairs on his way home without further remark, leaving Royal Kenton in a brown study, which was interrupted 10 minutes later by wild cheering on the street. He went down to ascertain the cause, and a man who had just volunteered swung his hat and replied:

"Hooray! We uns is gwine to send fellers right on to captur' Washington and ole Abe Lincoln!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Meeting an Old Comrade.

On July 25, 1813, an unsuccessful attempt was made to carry San Sebastian itself by assault. Colin Campbell, with 20 men of the light company of his regiment, constituted the forlorn hope at the great breach, and on reaching the top he was shot through the right hip and fell to the bottom. Again ascending, he was shot through the inner part of the left thigh, and Graham in his dispatch said, "I beg to recommend to you Lieutenant Campbell of the Ninth, who led the forlorn hope, and who was severely wounded in the breach." In 1857—viz, 44 years after the siege—Colin Campbell was inspector general of infantry.

"While," said Campbell, "I was inspecting the depot at Chichester I noticed that an old man, evidently an old soldier, though in plain clothes, was constantly on the ground and apparently watching my movements. As I was leaving the barrack yard at the end of the inspection he came toward me, drew himself up, made the military salute and with much respect said: 'Sir Colin, may I speak to you? Look at me, sir. Do you recollect me?' I looked at him and replied, 'Yes, I do.' 'What is my name?' he asked. I told him. 'Yes, sir, and where did you last see me?' 'In the breach of San Sebastian,' I replied, 'badly wounded by my side.' 'Right, sir,' answered the old soldier. 'I can tell you something more,' I added. 'You were No. —— in the front rank of my company.' 'Right, sir,' said the veteran.

"I was putting my hand in my pocket to make the old man a present, when he stepped forward, laid his hand on my wrist and said: 'No, sir. That is not what I want, but you will be going to Shorncliffe to inspect the depot there. I have a son in the Inniskillings quartered at that station, and if you will call him out and tell him that you knew his father that is what I should wish.'"—Athenæum.

In the Cab of a Fast Locomotive.

The locomotive engineer is a remarkably placid fellow, with a habit of deliberate precision in his look and motions. He occasionally turns a calm eye to his gauges and then resumes his quiet watch ahead. The three levers which he has to manipulate are under his hand ready for instant use, and when they are used it is quietly and in order, as an organist pulls out his stops. The noise in the cab makes conversation difficult, but is not as bad as that heard in a car when passing another train, with or without the windows open, and in looking out of the engine cab the objects are approached gradually, not rushed past us when one looks laterally out of a parlor car window. The fact is the engineer does not look at the side—he is looking ahead—and therefore the speed seems less as the objects are approached gradually.

Those who have ridden at 90 miles an hour on a locomotive know that on a good road, and there are many such, the engine is not "shaken and swayed in a terrific manner," but is rather comfortable, and the speed is not so apparent as when one is riding in a parlor car, where only a lateral view is had. The engineer can be very comfortable if he is quite sure of the track ahead, and it is only in rounding curves or in approaching crossings that he feels nervous, and it is doubtful if it is any more strain to run a locomotive at high speed than to ride a bicycle through crowded thoroughfares. Judging by the countenances of the bicycle rider and the engineer, the engineer has rather the best of it.—Railroad Gazette.

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CHICAGO EXPERIENCES A VERY DECIDED TREMOR.

Her First on Record in the Line of Seismic Disturbances—Quivers Felt from the Atlantic to the Mississippi and the Lakes to the Gulf.

CHICAGO, Nov. 1.—Chicago experienced her first recorded earthquake at 5:12 o'clock yesterday morning. But unlike some choice things—like the great fire, the World's fair, etc.—Chicago did not have a monopoly of the event. For over an area covering thousands of miles, north, south, east and west, the ground trembled under the shudder of an earthquake. From Michigan pineries to Louisiana cotton fields, over western prairies and into the heart of the hills of Dixie, the gigantic tremor made itself felt. The heart of the entire land over which floats the stars and stripes quivered with the shock. Varying from ten to thirty seconds the seismic disturbance made its presence felt all over the central belt of the country. The only report of lives imperiled comes from Gadsden, Ala., where several houses were shaken down and the occupants buried beneath the ruins. No fatalities are mentioned as resulting from the mishap.

How It Was Felt at Chicago.

Some claim that in this city there were two distinct shocks lasting about five seconds each, interrupted by an interval of quiet of about a minute. The writer felt one shock distinctly, was wide awake and did not feel another. There was no tremor of the building on the fourth floor of which the writer was at work. It was a very slight and very gentle swaying motion The building moved back and forth like a "reed shaken by the wind." But it was very distinct and decidedly inclined to make a fellow panicky. All over the business part of the city in the tall buildings the sensation was as described above. But one building did not seem to shake, and that was the Auditorium. Sleeping people were awakened and waking people frightened everywhere but in that building, so it is claimed.

That "Peculiar" Feeling.

All accounts of earthquakes have something to say about the peculiar feeling—like seasickness, they say—that people have who are in the territory shaken. This phase of the subject was a matter of careful note by several, and the conclusion reached was that the "peculiarity" of the feeling was more imaginary than real; that it is exactly the sinking feeling one has when he is scared—that was the way the aforementioned observers felt.

Out in the Chicago Suburbs.

Out in the suburbs the rolling prairies trembled between the tension, leaving the sensation of a continuous tremor. Residents of outlying sections of the city, awakened by the disturbance, all describe their experience as a violent shaking from east to west. Clocks were stopped, windows rattled, pictures swung slightly and dressing case mirrors rapped the walls behind them. Beyond the breaking of a very few dishes, stopping of clocks, rattling of chandeliers and the loss of an hour or two of sleep the damage wrought by the seismic disturbance amounted to nothing.

Has a Unique Explanation.

Professor Garriott, of the weather bureau, accounts for the disturbance as coming from Hot Springs. He said: "You know there is a scientific connection between bubbling hot water that springs from the ground and the gigantic upheavals of nature which manifest themselves in the shape of volcanoes. Now, there has been so much atmospheric vibration in the neighborhood of Hot Springs the last week or two, vibrations which the eminent scientist, Professor John L. Sullivan, ascribes to the action of 'wind-jammers,' that it is quite possible such vibration may have had a visible effect on the surface of the boiling water as it spurts from the ground."

Only Official Record at Chicago.

"In the absence of a seismometer," said Professor Garriott, "the slight vibration in the rain gauge is the only means this office has of determining the extent of the earthquake. As a matter of record, however, it is of little value beyond the exact moment of the disturbance." This exact moment is said to have been 5:07. If it was that hour at the Auditorium it took the quake at least five minutes to travel across to Fifth avenue.

THE "NONPAREIL" IS DEAD.

Jack Dempsey Succumbs to the Great Enemy, Consumption.

PORTLAND, Or., Nov. 2.—Jack Dempsey, the well-known pugilist, died at his residence in this city, of consumption.

Dempsey was fully conscious and kissed the crucifix before the end came. His last utterance was to call his wife's name. About 11 o'clock Thursday night there was a perceptible change in his condition and it soon became apparent that the end was not far off. He began to suffer much pain and frequently vomited. He grew delirious and in his delirium reviewed his ring career, frequently uttering the name of Jimmy Carroll.

About 4 o'clock in the morning he became conscious again and realized the near approach of death. His two children were brought into the room and bid good-bye. He then bade his wife and friends at his bedside good-bye and relapsed into a semi-conscious state, continuing thus until just before the end.

New French Cabinet Built.

PARIS, Nov. 1.—The new ministry so far as formed is as follows: Bourgeois, minister of the interior and president of the council of ministers; Ricard, minister of justice and worship; Cavaginas, minister of war; Lockroy, minister of marine; Berthelot, minister of education; Doumer, minister of finance; Guyet d'Essaigne, minister of public works; Mesureur, minister of commerce; Combes, minister of the colonies.

Appointments by the President.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—The president has made the following appointments: Solicitor of the department of state, W. M. Faison, of North Carolina; chief of bureau accounts, state department, Frank A. Branagan, of Ohio.

Bandit Brown Goes to Indiana.

LANSING, Mich., Nov 2.—Governor Rich has issued extradition papers for James Brown, the self-confessed Kessler, Ind., train robber, who is now in jail at Allegan, Mich. He will be taken to Indiana at once.

Costly Fire at Faribault.

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 4.—At Faribault the Walcott flouring mill and seven dwelling houses, all owned by M. E. Sheffield, were destroyed by fire. Loss, $150,000; insurance, $70,000.

BAD RAILWAY WRECK.

Two People Killed and Others Receive Fatal Injuries.

WHEELING, W. Va., Nov. 4.—The worst railroad wreck in the immediate vicinity of Wheeling for many years occurred shortly before 10 o'clock yesterday morning at Elm Grove, five miles east on the Pittsburg division of the the Baltimore and Ohio road. The Pittsburg-Cincinnati express, commonly known as the Cannon Ball, jumped the track on a bridge over Wheeling creek owing to a broken flange on a wheel of the smoking car. The engine, tender and baggage car kept the track, while the mail car, smoker and Pullman parlor car went over a bank about sixteen feet high. The day coach turned completely over and and the other two lay on their sides. The cars were completely demolished, seeming to have been thrown some distance through the air.

So far only two deaths have happened. A woman, thought to be Mrs. Miranda Hare, of Kittanning, Pa., but not positively identified owing to the way she was disfigured, jumped from the car and was instantly killed. The 8-months-old baby of Lawrence Bartley, of Pittsburg, was sitting on its father's lap when the accident occurred. It was so badly injured that it died in a few minutes, while neither the father nor mother was hurt. They were coming to Wheeling to attend the funeral of a relative. Ten or a dozen surgeons and the wrecking crew were summoned at once. Not less than 10,000 people visited the scene of the wreck, the Wheeling and Elm Grove railroad running special excursion trains, all crowded. Of those who were hurt several will die.

The list of injured includes the following: Ella Vance, Wheeling, spine probably broken, may die; C. J. Garvey, oil operator, Marietta, O., head crushed and back wrenched, will probably die; W. N. Rose, Chicago, right arm broken; Michael J. Mahoney, McKeesport, Pa., face cut and mashed; F. W. Gilbart, Sharpsburg, Pa., thigh broken, head cut, Wm. Richardson, Sharpsburg, Pa., cut and bruised back and head; James W. Foster, Beaver Falls, Pa., right foot broken, face and back cut; W. J. Chapman, West Bridgewater, Pa., right leg and hand broken; P. R. Rahm, Philadelphia, badly cut and bruised; Louis Schuchert, Pittsburg, head cut and bruised, badly hurt; W. O. Hawley, Allegheny, face and nose crushed, arm cut; Mrs. Dixon, Pittsburg, badly cut and back wrenched; Maud Vance, internal injuries and severe cuts; Mrs. Malone, Allegheny, head cut, hurt internally; Mrs. Lejune, Allegheny, forehead crushed; Anthony McTighe, Pittsburg, left leg badly cut.

Altogether there were about eighty persons hurt, many of them, however, not so severely that they could not continue their journey and many others only slightly.

CONVICTED IN SHORT ORDER.

Jury Had Its Mind Made Up Before It Left the Court Room.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 4.—Henry H. Holmes has been convicted of murder in the first degree for killing Benjamin F. Pietzel. He coughed slightly when he heard the words. That was the only sign. The jury retired to deliberate at 5:40 p. m. According to one of their number they had reached their verdict before the the doors of their room closed upon them. For hunger's sake they ate their supper first. Then they took a ballot and without hesitation every man of the twelve answered, "Guilty of murder in the first degree."

There were but two speeches made—one by Prosecutor Graham and one by Counsel Rotan. Holmes said of the verdict: "I feel that this condemns me. It was an unjust trial." He would say no more than that. Immediately after the announcement of the verdict the usual application for leave to file a motion for a new trial was made. District Attorney Graham did not oppose the motion, and Judge Arnold fixed the 18th of this month for a hearing. The principal reason urged will be lack of time for the preparation of the defense. Should a new trial be refused an appeal will be taken to the supreme court and argument heard at its sitting in this city in January, 1893. So, even if everything goes against him, Holmes has yet some time to spend on the earth.

Holmes does not evince in the slightest any outward signs of breaking down. With death actually before him now he is the same cool and callous Holmes. The prison regulations prevented ony one from interviewing him, but a message was sent out that he slept well and was feeling comfortable, and still confident his innocense would yet be established. Extra care has been taken that the man shall not frustrate the efforts of the prosecution by committing suicide.

Mrs. Pitzel and "Dessie" drove through Fairmount park and saw some of the places hor daughter Alice spoke of in the letters confiscated by Holmes. In a few days they will return to Galva, Ills. Miss Yoke, Holmes' third wife, will return to Denver shortly and endeavor to have her marriage with Holmes set aside as being illegal.

Iowa Town Swept By Fire.

OMAHA, Nov. 4.—A special to The Bee from Arcadia, Ia., says: Fire visited Arcadia last night and only one store is left in town. It burned over an area of four acres, taking with it six residences, hotels, Opera House, one livery barn, one harness shop, two grain elevators, one lumber and coal yard, barber shop, post-office, two drug stores, two saloons, three general merchandise stores, one furniture store, one hardware store, one butcher shop, one vacant storeroom, one boot and shoe store and four barns. The estimated loss is $55,000, partly covered by insurance.

Trial of Motocycles at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Nov. 4.—Three motocycles essayed to journey from Jackson park to the Grant monument in Lincoln park, via Waukegan, with varying results—to-wit: Duryea machine, tumbled into a ditch in the vicinity of Prairiesville, came home by freight; Kane-Pennington machine, quit after interested citizens and small boys had pushed it up a hill which it could not climb otherwise; Benz-Mueller machine, made the trip in nine hours and thirty minutes and finished fresh.

Iowa Epworth League Adjourns.

MARSHALLTOWN, Nov. 4. — The state convention of the Iowa Epworth league, in session since Thursday evening, adjourned last night. It was the best and most largely attended convention the state league had held. Frank E. Day, of Spirit Lake, was elected president, and G. W. Ladd, of Shenandoah, secretary.

ILLINOIS TOWN BADLY SCORCHED.

Decatur Wrestles with a Blaze and Calls Help from Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 5.—Fire started in Powers' Opera House, Decatur, last night and burned the Opera House and several other business houses and at 1 o'clock this morning was burning in Linn & Scruggs' great dry goods house, but was under control. The losses are as follows: Orlando Powers, Opera House building, $80,000; insurance, $20,000. William W. Whilley, drugs, $3,000; insurance. $4,250. D. M. Milliken, bank, records lost of value, otherwise no loss. Linn & Scruggs, $50,000; insurance, $102,000. H. Fiske, furniture, $5,000; insurance, $8,000.

Orlando Powers owned all the business buildings besides the Opera House. His loss on these buildings is $25,000; insurance, $16,000. At midnight the St. James block, one block away, caught fire. The St. James adjoins the St. Nicholas, the finest hotel in the city, and it was feared this would burn as the fire department was badly handicapped. Assistance was sent from the fire department of this city, as it looked for awhile as if the whole town would go.

The fire in the St. Nicholas hotel was confined to the servants' quarters. The hotel loss is small. No fatalities are reported from any part of the city.

DEEP-WATER COMMISSION NAMED.

Angell, of Michigan; Cooley, of Chicago, and Russell, of Massachusetts.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 5.—The deep-water commission, which the president appointed yesterday, is required to meet and confer with a similar commission yet to be appointed by Great Britain or the Dominion of Canada, with reference to the creation of a deep-water connection between the lakes and the Atlantic, and if any part of this channel shall fall within Canadian lines it is to determine what treaty stipulations are necessary to ensure the free use of the channel to citizens of the United States on equal terms with Canadians.

No salary is attached to the position of commissioner, although expenses are provided for. The commission as constituted ranks high in the estimation of engineer officers. James B. Angell, of Michigan, who negotiated the Chinese treaty, is regarded as peculiarly fitted to treat the diplomatic questions involved. Lyman E. Cooley, the Chicago civil engineer, is by profession able to pass upon the engineering features of the work, and ex-Representative John E. Russell, of Massachusetts, is believed to be equipped to deal with the enterprise as a commercial project.

SEPARATE COACH LAW.

May Bankrupt Kentucky Roads if a Compromise Is Not Reached.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 4.—The separate coach law of Kentucky will bankrupt all the railroads if a compromise is not reached. The court of appeals has just decided a case from Hardin county and gives a negro woman damages against the Louisville and Nashville Railroad company because an intoxicated white man entered the car set apart for colored passengers and used blasphemous language in her presence while the conductor was performing his duties in another car.

The court of appeals contends the statute is a police regulation and is a necessary one, and that the conductor is responsible for a separation of the races. On the other hand, in two cases negroes have been awarded damages against the same company by the federal court for being compelled to ride in a separate coach, the court holding the law unconstitutional.

Negro Raises Tea in Arkansas.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Nov. 5.—Burrell Bond, a negro and ex-slave who cannot read, and now a prosperous farmer, has brought 300 pounds of tea to Memphis and placed it on sale. The tea was grown by Bond on his plantation in the St. Francis basin, Arkansas. Two years ago Bond bought the seed in New Orleans and planted it. The crop last year was good, but this year the yield was fine. The tea was tested by local experts and pronounced to be a good grade.

South Carolina's Suffrage Plan.

COLUMBIA, Nov. 2.—After five days of debate Senator Tillman's suffrage plan was ordered to its third reading last night by a vote of 69 to 37. A great many members were absent on business or otherwise, but as they were paired the result would not have been changed. The plan requires a voter for the next two years to have $300 worth of property or be able either to read or to properly construe any article of the constitution read to him. After two years the alternative is dropped.

Suicide of a Retired Policeman.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—Phillip M. Griffith, a retired police sergeant, 65 years old, who lived with his daughter, Mrs. D. J. Barney, on the third floor of a flat house, East Eighty-ninth street, committed suicide by jumping from a window in his bedroom down the light shaft, a distance os over sixty feet.

Uncle Sam and John Bull Act Together.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 4.—The American missionaries in Bitlis have again complained to United States Minister Terrell that they are in imminent danger. Minister Terrell and Herbert, the British charge d'affairs, have therefore again made a demand upon the porte to insure the protection of the Americans.

Governor Hastings for Cuban Recognition.

TOLEDO, O., Nov. 4.—Governor Hastings, of Pennsylvania, and D. K. Watson, of Columbus, spoke at the Memorial hall last evening to a large audience. Governor Hastings confined his remarks to protection and reciprocity as outlined by McKinley. He also urged the recognition of Cuba as a belligerent.

Sultan Feels Comfortable Now.

LONDON, Nov. 2.—A dispatch to The Globe from its correspondent in Constantinople says that eight Albanian guards connected with the Yidliz kiosk have been executed and twenty-four others imprisoned as the resulted of the discovery of a plot against the palace in which the guards were concerned.

THE DEATH RECORD.

COLONEL LEWIS W. ROSS, bank president and ex-congressman, at Lewiston, Ills.

THOMAS A. MCKENZIE, prominent Mason, at Fairbury, Ills.

Lieutenant LEONARD PRINCE, U. S. A., of Bloomington, Ills., at Chicago.

PETER ROBINSON, the famous dry goods merchant, at London.

THOMAS COLLINS, first engineer to run a locomotive in Mexico, at Tiffin, O.

THE PRAIRIE STATE.

NEWS OF ILLINOIS REPORTED BY TELEGRAPH.

Some of the Principal Events of the Past Few Days Given in Condensed Form and Placed Together for the Convenience of Our Readers.

CHICAGO, Nov. 4.—There is trouble ahead for Chicago employers who are violating the Illinois statutes respecting child labor. The special legislative committee appointed at the extra session of the thirty-ninth general assembly to investigate the condition of child labor in the state met at the state factory inspector's office in this city and resolved to make a thorough investigation of the abuses reported by the individual members of the committee.

The reports made show that, with a few exceptions, the abuse of child labor is confined to Chicago and vicinity. In giving the scanty information authorized by the committee one member admitted to a reporter: "It is a shocking and yet not necessarily singular fact that the most flagrant abuses have been found to exist in the establishments of the richest employers."

RAPID RAILWAY BUILDING.

Electric and Steam Lines Laid in a Very Short Time.

CHICAGO, Nov. 4.—All records in the way of railway building were broken in Chicago. The Chicago City Railway company, after massing men and materials for sixteen hours, began work on Indiana avenue at Thirty-ninth street with the beginning of the day and by 10 o'clock had turned the horse car line from that point to Fifty-first street into an electric road. Three hundred men in that time planted a mile and a half of poles and strung the necessary wire. At 10:42 o'clock a car propelled by electricity went over the track.

The Northern Pacific did almost as remarkable piece of work. At 1 a. m. a long train, loaded with 300 men, thousands of ties, and four miles of rails, backed on its track on West Fortieth street. Sixteen hours later another track was in place from Washington boulevard to Taylor street.

This piece of work was done to forestall Mr. Yerkes, who had his eye on the street. He had already one track there and as trolley poles were placed in position last week the Northern Pacific took no chances of losing an opportunity to grab a street. Policemen were sent there, but there was no need of their presence.

The Union Loop company also improved the day in which no injunctions can be served. Three hundred men labored all day and the same number all night.

IMPORTANT TO VOTERS.

Only Thing Necessary Is to Make Intention Plain.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 2.—The supreme court decided an important matter relating to the Australian ballot law. Robert W. Orr and Nina S. White were candidates for superintendent of schools in Christian county. The canvassing board awarded the office to Mr. Orr, who had a majority of one vote.

The county court affirmed the decision of the board. Counsel for Miss White held that the law requiring a "cross" to be made in the "square" opposite the name of the candidate voted for was mandatory and ballots not marked in the square were illegal. Counsel for Orr held that the provision of the law was directory and that ballots marked in any way so as to clearly indicate the intention of the voter, if regular in other respects, were legal, which view is held by the supreme court and the decision rendered for Mr. Orr. This is the first opinion the supreme court has rendered on the Australian ballot law in Illinois.

Moloney After the Elevators.

CHICAGO, Nov. 4.—Attorney General Moloney has filed in the circuit court twelve informations in chancery against elevator companies. The bills pray for injunctions to restrain the companies from buying grain and depositing it in their warehouses, to restrain them from buying inferior grain and mixing it with better grain they have in store and to restrain them from conspiring to control the market. The cases will come up Nov. 23. The attorney general gave notice that he would also file eight petitions for leave to file information in the nature of quo warranto in elevator cases.

Will Fill Dr. Johnson's Place.

CHICAGO, Nov. 4.—Rev. John S. McIntosh, D. D., of Philadelphia has accepted an invitation from the executive committee of McCormick Theological seminary, Chicago, to supply this year the place of Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson, professor of homiletics and church polity. Dr. Johnson has been required by his physicians to take a vacation for a year from his duties.

No Unions for Insurance Men.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 5.—The attorney general has rendered an opinion that it is illegal for insurance companies or agents to enter into agreements regarding rates for insurance, rebates, etc., as all such agreements are liable to prosecution under the trust laws of the state. This is likely to cause consternation among insurance people in Illinois.

State Notes.

Chicago is in such a tight place for ready money that the only way she can make both ends meet is to go into wholesale discharge of employes, so it is said.

John R. Porter, aged 62, a druggist of Rockford, Ills., fell from the third story of his building and was killed.

Miss Lizzie Gunlach, a prominent society young lady of Belleville, Ills., has astonished her friends by joining the Salvation Army.

A decision of the Illinois law department is that raffles for quilts at church fairs come under the inhibition of the all-embracing law of that state against gambling.

Mrs. Flo Jamison Miller, department president Illinois Woman's Relief Corps, has just issued general order No. 5, in which the various corps throughout Illinois are requested to remember the old soldiers at the home at Quincy and the soldiers' orphans at the Normal Home in their Thanksgiving offerings.

Job Printers on Strike.

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 5.—The union job printers of Minneapolis struck for 30 cents an hour and a nine-hour day. They have been getting 26⅔ cents an hour for a ten-hour day. Nearly two hundred men are out.

DURRANT IS GUILTY.

Quick Verdict Reached in the Celebrated California Murder Trial.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 2.—Theodore Durrant, assistant superintendent of Emanual Baptist church Sunday school, has been convicted of the murder of Blanche Lamont, for which he has been on trial since July 22 last. The jury was out twenty minutes and arrived at the verdict on the first ballot. As there was no recommendation of mercy the punishment was fixed at death. The scene in the court room when the verdict was announced will never be forgotton by those who were present. Judge Murphy finished his charrge at 3:30, and the jury at once retired. Although there was supposed to be little prospect of a verdict being returned before 7 or 8 o'clock in the evening the throng of spectators which had remained in the over-crowded court room all the afternoon to hear the judge's charge, settled itself to await the result of the jury.

Mrs. Durrant and the prisoner talked and laughed together as if an acquittal were a foregone conclusion. They were surrounded by half a dozen friends, and the conversation was animated when it became whispered about that the jury had agreed upon a verdict. In an instant a hush fell upon the little circle that had gathered around the prisoner. Durrant's face, always pallid, assumed a ghastly hue and his mother was speechless. When the doors at the rear of the room opened and the jury filed in the room, although filled to its utmost capacity, was almost as quiet as if it had been vacant. Clerk Morris asked the usual question as to whether the jury had agreed upon a verdict. Foreman Warren Dutton arose and replied in the affirmative. "We, the jury," said he, "find the defendant, William Henry Theodore Durrant, guilty of murder in the first degree."

As the aged foreman, pale and trembling, read the words that fixed Durrant's fate a low rumbling noise like the roar of a mob arose from the rear of the court room. The next moment men were cheering wildly, while women wept hysterically in the excitement. Bailiffs rapped loudly for order, but the tumult continued for a minute before anything like quiet could be brought out of the disorder, when the judge said he would sentence the prisoner next Friday.

During the tumult that followed the announcement of the verdict Durrant and his mother were lost sight of except by the few who sat nearest them. As the last words of the verdict were uttered Durrant made a spasmodic effort to arise to his feet, but before he could do so his mother, with a half sigh, half moan, threw her arms around his neck and sank back into her chair. His mother's grief seemed to make Durrant forget his own position, and for the next few minutes he sat with his arms around her trying to soothe her.

GREAT FIGHT FINALLY "OFF."

Julian Couldn't Raise the Money for the Side Bet Insisted On.

LITTLE ROCK, Nov. 4.—Excitement over the prize fight question has entirely died out and things settled down to a normal condition. Bob Fitzsimmons spent the day with a party of local admirers. Corbett and party left Hot Springs at 8 o'clock last evening en route to Memphis. Fitzsimmons' movements are uncertain. He will give a show here tonight, but Martin Julian had not decided upon his plans after that. All the special correspondents have left and the town seems deserted.

The fight is finally off. The governor dismissed the suits against the two men on their promise that they would no longer try to pull off the fight in this state, but Chancellor Martin refused to dismiss the case before him and told both men that the injunction would stand and promised them two years in jail if they violated the same.

All efforts to arrange a fight elsewhere have fallen flat, because Julian has at last acknowledged that he cannot raise the $10,000 for the side bet insisted upon by Brady and Corbett. Both parties are now doing a good deal of fighting with their tongues.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.

Money on call nominally 2 per cent.; prime mercantile paper, 4@5½ per cent.; sterling exchange strong, with actual business in bankers' bills at 487½@489 for demand and 485¾@488½ for sixty days; posted rates 488½ and 490½; commercial bills, 485¾@487½.

Silver certificates, 68@68¼; no sales; bar silver, 67¾. Mexican dollars, 54½.

United States government bonds firmer and ¾ per cent. higher; new 4's reg., 121¾; do. coupons, 121; 5's reg. 114¾; 5's coupons, 114¾; 4's reg., 111½; coupons, 111¾; 2's reg., 98½; Pacific 6's of '95, 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Nov. 4.

The following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—November, opened 57¾c, closed 58c; December, opened 58¼c, closed 58¾c; May, opened 63¾c, closed 63¾c. Corn—November, opened 28½c, closed 28¾c; December, opened 27¾c, closed 27¾c; May, opened 29¼c, closed 29¼c. Oats—November, opened 18¾c, closed 18¾c; December, opened 18¾c, closed 18¾c; May, opened 20¼c, closed 20¼c. Pork—November, nominal, closed $8.20; January, opened $9.12½, closed $9.17½. Lard—November, nominal, closed $5.55; January, opened $5.65, closed $5.65.

Produce: Butter — Extra creamery, 22c per lb; extra dairy, 18@19c; packing stock, 9@10c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 18c per doz. Poultry—Spring chickens, 7½c per lb; old hens, 6½@7c; roosters, 5c; turkeys, 7½c; ducks, 8½@9½c; geese, $5.00@7.00 per doz. Potatoes—Burbanks, 21@25c per bu; sweet potatoes, Illinois, $1.50@2.25 per bbl. Apples—Fair to choice, $1.25@3.50 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, fancy, 13@14c; broken comb, 12c; extracted, 5@6c per lb. Cranberries—Cape Cod, $7.00@8.50 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Nov. 4.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows; Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 52,000; sales ranged at $3.00@3.80 pigs, $3.35@3.50 light, $3.25@3.40 rough packing, $3.35@3.70 mixed, and $3.45@3.70 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day 22,000; quotations ranged at $4.85@5.30 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.20@4.80 good to choice do., $3.70@4.15 fair to good, $3.50@3.80 common to medium do., $3.10@3.60 butchers' steers, $2.15@2.90 stockers, $3.00@3.85 feeders, $1.35@3.55 cows, $2.40@3.70 heifers, $1.75@3.75 bulls, $2.70@3.30 Texas steers, $2.60@4.05 western range steers, and $3.00@6.25 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 17,000; sales ranged at $2.00@3.15 westerns, $1.75@2.40 Texas, $1.75@4.10 natives, and $2.60@4.85 lambs.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 4.

Wheat—Cash, 61¼c; December, 58⅞c; May, 64¼c. Corn—Cash, 24¾c; options firm; December, 24¾c; May, 29c. Oats—Cash, 17¼c; December, 17¼c; May, 20⅝@20¾.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, Nov. 4.

Wheat—Cash white, 64¾c bid; cash red, 63¾c bid; December, 60¾c; May, 66¾c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK

Wednesday, Oct. 30.

Ex-City Treasurer Boggs, who held office from 1890 to 1894, at Tacoma, is an embezzler to the extent of $109,000, and the sheriff is on the road to Jacksonville, Or., to arrest him.

Alfred Austin, according to a London dispatch, has been chosen poet laureate of Great Britain.

James J. Van Alen, the co-respondent in the Colt divorce case, has been put under the enormous bond of $200,000.

It is reported at Kington, Jamaica, that Carlos Cespedes, son of the first president of the Cuban republic of twenty years ago, has landed in Cuba with 100 men and a large quantity of war munitions from the United States.

Physicians who have constantly attended the case of Mrs. Annie Walker, who has been unconscious at Chicago for three weeks, have come to the conclusion that she is insane.

Thursday, Oct. 31.

Colonel John S. Mosby, who has been suffering from an attack of appendicitis at Marshall, Va., is convalescent, and has been removed to the home of his daughter at Warrenton, Pa.

The A. R. U. on the Great Northern is revising its wage schedule to present to President Hill, who will have to agree or stand a strike, the men say.

The name of Sandy Hook, which is now a great fortification, has been changed to Fort Hancock.

Milwaukee wants a national convention, too. She is making a campaign for that of the Populists.

While Herman Webber, of Chicago, was loading a wagon a box of books fell from the third story and struck him on the head, killing him instantly.

At Akron, O., Alice B. Sims, proprietor of the Pendleton House, has assigned. Assets, $18,000; liabilities, $10,000.

Friday, Nov. 1.

Three highwaymen terrorized the Chicago stock yards district and held up two saloonkeepers. While attempting to rob a third victim they were arrested and locked up in the stockyards station. They gave their names as Claud May, Lewis King, and Albert Trumbley.

Two students have been expelled from the Pennsylvania state college, fourteen more have been indefinitely suspended, and wholesale criminal prosecutions may follow—all the result of hazing.

Obituary: At Hot Springs, Ark., ex-Mayor Givin, of Effingham, Ills. At Jacksonville, Ills., Rev. J. P. Dimmitt. At Lowell, Ind., John N. Sanger, 95.

An inventory of the estate of the late John Dean Caton, of Chicago, showing property valued at $2,00,0000 has been filed in the probate court.

The Novoe Vremya says that according to advices received by that newspaper the Japanese troops are being rapidly withdrawn from the Liao-Tung peninsula.

Saturday, Nov. 2.

The supreme court of Illinois has decided, practically, as to the Australian ballot that if it is marked so as to clearly express the voter's intention it must be counted.

A. J. Sewell, assistant cashier of the First National bank, of McGregor, Tex., which was robbed the other night of $10,000, has been arrested for the robbery, and seems certain of conviction.

Nobody in France likes the new ministry and its early downfall is predicted.

Fire at Dauphin, Pa., caused by a spark from a locomotive, destroyed 4,000,000 feet of lumber worth $75,000.

The city of Rome was severely shaken by an earthquake yesterday. There was great alarm and many walls were cracked.

The Chicago Packing and Provision company has purchased a plant at Fort Worth, Tex., which has a capacity of 2,500 hogs a day and was erected in 1891 at a cost of $400,000. The company will immediately enter upon the business of packing hogs and killing cattle and sheep.

Monday, Nov. 4.

The Dole government at Honolulu has appointed F. W. Hatch minister to Washington in place of W. R. Castle, who only took the position temporarily.

Captain Healy, of the revenue cutter Bear, fell into the water at Unalaska and struck a floating log. His injuries were serious.

Prominent southern residents of Washington are taking steps to raise money for the rebuilding of the portion of the University of Virginia recently burned.

Julius Bauer, fireman, was seriously and two other persons slightly hurt at a Chicago fire that damaged the stock and building of Max Lurie's dry goods establishment $65,000.

The Atlanta Exposition company has the money to pay off 25 per cent of the bonds issued in aid thereof.

It is announced from Barbadoes, W. I., that Venezuela has altered the aspect of her difficulty with Great Britain by firing on a British vessel in British waters and killing the captain.

Tuesday, Nov. 5.

John R. Mulvane, president of the Bank of Topeka, has bought in the various mortgages against the Topeka Capital, and it is said will this week take charge of the paper.

The mutilated body of Ida Gaskin was found at Omaha, outraged and murdered. George Morgan, Ed Sanford and Harry Booker, all young men, have been arrested and seem to be the right men.

The steamer Missoula is sixty hours overdue at Sault Ste. Marie.

The Speed Home for Infants at Cleveland has been set on fire seven times within the last two days and the attendants are panic-stricken.

Indigestion

Tortured me; I was run down, had no appetite and could not sleep. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken a fourth of a bottle I was very much better. I also used Hood's Pills and found them splendid, very mild, yet effective. Since using two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills occasionally, I eat and sleep well and can work with ease." ANNIE C. LANTZ, Belleville, Pennsylvania.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective All druggists. 25c.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 9, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Little Christopher."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Clara Morris.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"Thrilby."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Schliersee'r Bauern Theatre Co.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Twentieth Century Girl."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Lillian Russell.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—"Twelve Temptations."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"The Defaulter."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Derby Winner."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock."
—*Thomas Davis.*

IRELAND AND SCOTCH HOME RULE.

The honorary secretary of the Scotch Home Rule Association has written a sharp letter to Justin McCarthy in regard to the whole question of native legislature for the three or four "nationalities" included in Great Britain and Ireland. Mr. Waddie's ideas are, to our mind, somewhat extraordinary and contemplate a wholesale change in the present British system. He holds that the establishment of parliaments for the kingdoms and the principality of Wales can be done all at once, and without much delay. This Scotch gentleman is, evidently, possessed of more than the average share of Scotch self-confidence. He does not seem to recognize in the remotest degree the difficulties that confront his programme. In the first place, there is no demand whatever in England for a local parliament, nor has Wales, up to date, expressed a desire for such a body. Ireland and Scotland—the latter in a minor key—have shown their desire for self-government, on the basis of home rule, which is far removed from the old system that obtained in both Scotland and Ireland before the destruction of their parliaments. Ireland's demand has been loud, steady and zealous, while Scotland's has been feeble and intermittent. No Irishman of good sense and sound principle would deny to Scotland what he seeks for Ireland; nor can he forget the generous manner in which a majority of the Scotch people voted, on two occasions at least, for the autonomy of his country. THE CITIZEN believes that Scotland's demand for home rule will be quite as futile as that made by Ireland, and we much doubt whether the Scotch are anything like as unanimous in their desire for it as the Irish are. If so, they have not developed their interest in any great degree, probably because the sentiment of nationality has been frozen out of Scotland, to a great extent, by the material progress of the country under Union sway.

Scotland, when England bought up her parliament, was, perhaps, the poorest country in Europe—with practically nothing behind it but a superb martial record, scenery of savage grandeur, some good rivers and a few harbors that might, by improvement, be considered of the first rank. Her scanty population, limited arable land, and out of the way position, were recognized by England and did not arouse her commercial jealousy. If Scotland were situated, as Ireland is, in England's front yard, so to speak, and standing in her light, she would have experienced the same fate as her more fertile neighbor. Race hatred in Scotland, down to the defeat of the Young Chevalier in 1746, was quite as strong as in Ireland, and religious rancour was even fiercer. The war between the Covenanters and the Episcopalians was quite as bitter as that between the Catholics and Puritans in Ireland; and Scotland, in the matter of faction, was rent from centre to circumference just as Ireland was. The Camerons and the Campbells were as inimical to each other as the O'Connors and MacMurroughs or the Fitzgeralds and the Butlers.

Worn out by internal strife and crushed by English force, the Scotch people finally resigned themselves to provincialism and made up their minds to make the best terms they could with their conqueror, or, rather, purchaser. Thus, the Scotch national spirit was permitted to die out. Scotch regiments enlisted to fight for England, and the Scotland for which Bruce fought and Wallace bled degenerated into North Britain. The idea that she was honorably united to England through the inheritance of the crown by the Stuarts is ridiculous. The English beheaded one Stuart king and deposed another, finally placing a race of Germans, with a nominal Stuart strain in them, on the British throne. The real conquest of Scotland was achieved when her parliament was destroyed in the reign of Queene Anne, because the affairs of 1715 and 1745 only served to demonstrate that at least half of Scotland preferred provincialism to the Stuarts.

There is nothing harder to rekindle than the fires of an extinct nationality. Scotland's fire does not even slumber. It is dead. Most of the Scotch are more English than the English, except in a sort of clinging to the Lowland idiom, and a kind of perfunctory reverence for the plaid and blue bonnet. They also celebrate Bobby Burns, and, occasionally, Sir Walter, but it is as provincialists and under the shadow of the Union Jack. We don't believe that the trumpet of the Archangel himself could call Scotland back to national life, in the true sense of that condition. Therefore, we presume to think that her peaceful claim for home rule will never receive the sanction of England.

Ireland's case is diametrically different. Although defeated in almost countless struggles, and betrayed and bartered by traitors, like Scotland, the island kingdom has never morally surrendered her right to be free. She has never, like Scotland, acquiesced in the sale of her parliament, and, degraded as Dublin is, it never witnessed like Edinburgh the degrading spectacle of wagon loads of English gold driven through its streets, to pay the scoundrels who sold their country at so much a head. The Irish, or, rather, Anglo-Irish, traitors were just as bad as the Scotch, but, at least, they had the comparative decency to keep their purchase money out of public view.

England "the dominant partner" will remain dominant while ever the British Empire remains intact. She laughs at moral suasion, as, indeed, she has always done, except where, as in the case of the West Indian slaves, it suited her to yield to English, not Scotch or Irish, clamor. England never will clamor for any scheme that would enable her Celtic provinces to crawl out from beneath the "protection" of the leopard's paw. If the Scotch ever want to become a nation, in sober earnest, they had better abandon agitation, and, in imitation of their Irish brethren, establish a Scotch National Alliance for the achievement of Scotland's independence. Scotland and Ireland, united in a revolutionary movement, could bring England to terms.

HENRY GEORGE VINDICATES LIBERTY OF SPEECH.

The threat of the police commissioners of Wilmington, Del., to prevent Henry George from delivering his Single Tax lecture in the opera house building of that city last Sunday night was properly rebuked both by the people and the lecturer. Some men are elected in this country to office who are either ignorant of, or have no respect for, the Constitution of the United States. Because a few anarchists here and there have incited to violence is no reason why free speech should be crushed; even if doctrines preached by lecturers are not always palatable to a section of the people. If Mr. George had gone to Wilmington to preach blood and bombshells, the police authorities, having regard for the peace and dignity of the city, and the protection of life and property, would have the privilege of interfering simply as preservers of law and order; and Mr. George could be dealt with as a promoter of disorderly conduct and even riot. The single tax theory may be illogical or impracticable but its exposition in a proper manner can do injury to nobody. We deprecate the unseemly panic that seems to seize upon American police officers, or authorities, whenever a theory out of the common is formulated from the public platform. The common-sense of the American people may not accept the revenue ethics of Mr. George, but it will certainly sustain him in his manly defense of free speech in this country.

While we are on the subject, we may as well say that many foreign born citizens, particularly those from continental Europe, complain seriously that our police are, in matters of social and personal liberty, much more stringent than those of the Old World. Sumptuary laws are repressive and offensive in many of our cities and towns, and there is an austerity of legislation, municipally at least, that would not be tolerated in Germany, France or Italy. Mr. Roosevelt's drastic enforcement of the excise law in New York city has resulted in a revulsion, as will be seen by the result of last Tuesday's election. In Chicago, thanks to the foreign element, there is less friction between the authorities and the sociably inclined citizens. Wherever the Anglo-American and Scoto-Americans elements predominate, there is a tendency to force the Blue Law idea down the throats of the people. Temperance is a great blessing and a great virtue; but our German, French, and Italian citizens have shown that there can be social enjoyment on Sunday as well as order and decency. Our Irish fellow-citizens kick less about the enforcement of the Sunday observance laws than any other class of people socially inclined, because they come more rapidly under American influences than any other class of immigrants to this country, but, at the same time, they have no relish whatever for what is known as the Puritan Sabbath, which is greatly to their credit. The Puritan Sabbath did very well for the early superstitious settlers of New England, but it has no place in the pleasant American civilization of today.

DEATH OF EUGENE FIELD.

Chicago, and most communities outside of Chicago, were shocked Monday morning by the announcement of the sudden death of Eugene Field—one of the most unique literary characters to whom America has given birth. He was still in the prime of his years—only forty-five—when death summoned him from mortal sleep to the sleep eternal. He leaves a widow and five children, the latter varying in age from striplinghood to infancy. Two little ones preceded him to the beautiful shore, of which he seemed ever thoughtful in his most charming and touching poetry. Some of the verses he has written on children deserve to be immortal in the history of literature. Their only flaw is that they are too deeply pathetic, and they read almost as if the pen that fashioned them had been dipped in the tears and heart's blood of the author. Herod himself could not read such poems without having his heart softened to an almost womanly tenderness. Field was also a brilliant prose writer—particularly in the direction of political humor. His arrows, although sharp, were not steeped in venom. They cut, sometimes, pretty deeply, but the wounds made by them never festered. Like all men gifted with the quality of humorous sarcasm, he was extremely sensitive to ridicule himself, but never bore enmity for any return fire he might receive from the friendly victims of his bubbling wit.

Mr. Field, in personal aspect, was tall and thin. He grew bald early, and his loss of hair gave him a rather venerable appearance for a man of his comparative youth. His features were long and rather aquiline, and in his mouth lay the chief expression of an unusually mobile face. He had a deep and resonant voice, capable, however, of exquisite modulation, and as a reciter of poetry, particularly his own compositions, he was an accomplished elocutionist—the main charm of his utterance being fidelity to nature rather than to the cold rules of super-polished art. We heard him read two of his humorous poems at the recent Fellowship Club celebration and were astonished at the range of his powers in that line, because, as a rule, poets are not remarkable for gifts of elocution.

It is not too much to say that all America, and even a larger constituency, mourn sincerely with his family the untimely death of Eugene Feld. We have read his juvenile poems in newspapers published in South America and at the antipodes; wherever the language he wrote in is read or spoken, and, indeed, his lyrics are not confined to the English tongue, but permeate, in translated form, the juvenile literature of nearly all civilized countries.

Chicago, in particular, has sustained an irreparable loss in the death of this gentle poet who, in the midst of her feverish pursuit of commerce, stirred with the strains of his sweet harp, the nobler instincts of her broad and liberal heart. Those who were nearest and dearest to him in life will be, in some measure, consoled by the knowledge that their poignant sorrow is shared by all who personally knew their beloved one, and by thousands who never looked upon his living face, but felt, through the electric current of his sparkling genius, the full sweetness of his soul.

MRS. ROSSI ON WOMAN'S SERVITUDE.

Among the notable contributions to the Woman's Number of the Chicago *Evening Journal* of Nov. 1, was the following from the distinguished female lawyer, Mrs. Kate Kane Rossi, who is still actively practicing the profession in which she has been so successful for the last seventeen years:

"History, either in ancient or modern times, has failed to record any condition of servitude, or any system of human degradation, so brutal, so cruel, and so hopeless as that of female slavery. When I say female slavery I mean all womankind—all, from the palace to the hovel, from the vaulted edifice of religion to the echoing halls of revelry and vice; from the recluse in her cloister, imbued with piety, to the felon in her cell, addled with crime. All, all have suffered from the contaminating touch of slavery, and no woman ever died without having felt its blight—nay, not one, from the petted idol of society, white and chiseled in the grasp of death, to the neglected creature and victim of our civilization, lying upon a marble slab in the morgue—her cross a curse.

"I believe that women will never be emancipated until a sufficient number of them have mastered the law, in order to enable themselves, first, to abolish their own servile environments, and, second, to lead womankind out of degradation. And to do this the first and cardinal principle to be borne in mind is that the law will not be coquetted with by either man or woman: and if they will keep this in mind, there will be hope for our deliverance from a slavery that has never had a parallel in any civilization.

KATE KANE ROSSI."

ANOTHER REPUBLICAN LANDSLIDE.

The elections last Tuesday resulted in victories, more or less overwhelming, for the Republicans in New York, Ohio, Kentucky, Maryland, Iowa, Illinois, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Nebraska, Pennsylvania, Kansas and Utah. Mississippi alone remained steadfast for democracy. Some of the Democratic leaders and editors admit that low tariff and free silver had much to do with the defeat of their party. It is doubtful, however, that the sharp lesson they have received will show them the uselessness of trying to run this country on old-fashioned principles. The business sense of the Republic is always a good guide to go by. If Democrats did not forsake democratism, Republicans could not roll up such vast majorities. The Democrats will have to find new issues, as, to all seeming, the old ones are not popular even among themselves.

New York city went Tammany by over 20,000, as a result of Messrs. Roosevelt and Warner Miller's exertions in behalf of the Blue Laws. The German citizen will have his beer and his free Sunday, and he knows how to vote to defend what he believes, and what we believe, to be his rights and ours. The German Sunday is very much more attractive to people of sound sense than the Puritanical penal day. God meant people to be religious and joyous—not religious and funereal. We think Irish-Americans are in the ideal condition—they occupy a "happy medium" attitude between the Teuton and the Puritan.

In this county the Republicans won an easy victory. Farlin Q. Ball beat R. W. Morrison for judge by an immense plurality. There was no opposition to Judge Sheppard. About 11,500 votes were polled by the Socialists and their friends. Joseph J. Duffy, candidate for Drainage Trustee on the Democratic ticket, was pretty badly beaten. Messrs. Wenter, Smyth, Kelly and Jones, on the same ticket, did very nicely, particularly the three former. Mr. Duffy's position as a contractor did more to injure his chances than any other cause. No matter how upright his character, the circumstance was used against him with effect. However, he is still a young and vigorous man, and he may come up smiling some other time. The vote cast in Cook county was, in proportion to population, the lightest on record, and there was positively no enthusiasm exhibited by anybody, except the Republican small boy, who made a bonfire out of the swill barrels at night.

THE MANCHESTER ANNIVERSARY.

Allen, Larkin and O'Brien will be remembered by Chicago Irish-Americans at Central Music Hall, on the 28th anniversary of their legal murder by England. On the evening of Saturday, Nov. 23, a splendid musical and literary programme will be given. The Hon. M. P. Brady will preside and deliver the opening address. Mr. Clarence S. Darrow, the distinguished lawyer, will deliver the oration, and the address of the Executive Committee of the Irish Nationalists will be read by Mr. William A. Cunnea. There is a very general interest awakened among Irish-Americans by the fact that Mr. Darrow, a non-Irish-American, but a loyal friend of human liberty, is to be the speaker of the evening. A very large audience is sure to greet him.

COL. TURNER'S Siamese Twins' flag will set Atlanta in a blaze.

WE always thought "Teddy" Roosevelt was, at heart, "one of the boys."

WHILE Kentucky stuck to Bourbon straight she remained in the Democratic fold. Now she has lost her character in "Coming Through the Rye."

"JOE" BLACKBURN appears to be a back number in Kaintuck.

THESE are the melancholy days, the saddest of the year, when Grover Cleveland's smile resembles "sunlight on a coffin-plate."

IT was lucky for Postmaster Hesing that the new postoffice was decided on by congress before that earthquake came.

WE don't care what anybody else says or thinks about it, THE CITIZEN considers the chrysanthemum a much less ornamental and far less useful "posy" than the cauliflower.

MR. JOHN DILLON, M.P., is to be married shortly to Miss Mathew, of Thomastown, county Kilkenny—a daughter of Judge Mathew, and great grand niece of Father Theobald Mathew, the famous Apostle of Temperance in Ireland. THE CITIZEN congratulates Mr. Dillon, and, of course, his prospective bride, who is very popular in Great Britain and Ireland, in both literary and social circles. Miss Mathew is reputed to be as intellectual as she is beautiful. Now is the time for Mr. Dillon to accomplish a metamorphisis—the melancholy bachelor transformed into a jolly Benedict.

TRAMPLING THE TURK.

City Civil Service Commission.

[By Underground Wire.]

President Clark (briskly to Waller and Hotz)—Heard the news, gentlemen, heard the news?

Both—What news?

Clark—The Civic Federation is dead broke, and the city will have to clean its own streets.

Waller—Too d—d bad!

Hotz—Where's the money to come from?

Clark—Damfino; Rhode is dead broke, too—not enough appropriation left to clean a short alley in the Fourth ward.

Waller—What's to become of the cleaners appointed by the Federation?

Clark—Harry Selfridge says we must take care of them.

Hotz—Not by a d—d sight. They must come in under the Civil Service Rules.

Clark—That's just what I told him.

Enter Secretary Phelps.

Sire (addressing Clark)—Here's a mob at our doors, headed by Lyman Gage, Frank McVeagh and Harry Selfridge.

Clark—What brings them here?

Phelps—They are the discharged street cleaners, the shovelry of the city as it were, who have been working for the Civic Federation. They have come to be examined.

Clark—I don't know the first thing about street sweeping.

Waller—Nor I.

Hotz—Nor I.

Phelps—Nor I.

Clark—The law says you are chief examiner.

Phelps—It says also you can call in experts at $5 a day.

Hotz—It seems to me, Mr. Phelps, that you have a pretty soft snap of it.

Clark—Never mind, Hotz, Phelps states the law correctly. That's the way they do it in England.

Waller—But this isn't England.

Clark—Its getting there rapidly. We'll all be English soon.

Waller—Count me out.

Hotz—Me, too.

Alarm at the door, accompanied by loud knocking and the crash of broomhandles and shovels.

Clark—Who comes there?

Lyman Gage (through the keyhole)—The Civic Federation, seeking for light.

Clark—Admit the seekers for light.

Enter Gage, McVeagh and Selfridge, followed by a Falstaffian array, bearing brooms and shovels.

Clark—How, now, my friends, what can the board do for you?

Selfridge—These worthy men seek appointment as street cleaners of the city.

Clark—The Board appoints you, Mr. Selfridge, Mr. Gage and Mr. McVeagh as special examiners.

Selfridge—Pressure of business will prevent——

Clark—No excuse will be taken.

McVeagh—As a scholar in politics, I must protest—unless it be Homer or Cicero you want me to examine them upon. There, for example, is the battle of the frogs and mice——

Hotz—Rats!

McVeagh—No, mice. It occurs in——

Clark—Never mind. You won fame not long since as leader of a Broom Brigade. No excuse will be taken.

Gage—The interests of the First National demand——

Clark—That the streets be kept clean.

Gage—No—the balance sheets. You see the silver question——

Clark—Settle that with Harvey. Now, gentlemen, fall to. Mr. Selfridge will begin.

Adjt. Selfridge (to laborers)—In two ranks, form company! Broomsters in rear! March! Halt. Left face! Front! Rear rank open order! Halt! Sir (to Major McVeagh) the command is in order!

McVeagh—Attention battalion! Shovellers, Order arms! Broomadiers, In place rest! All ready, Col. Gage!

Col. Gage—Attention, shovellers! Carry shovels!

Irish Candidate—Faith its carryin' them we've been all day—divil a less.

Col. Gage—Order shovels!

Phelps—They're ordered already.

Col. Gage—Don't interrupt me, sir. This is war, Mr. Phelps. This is war, sir. Support shovels!

Irish Candidate—Faith we want them to support us.

Gage—Silence, you Milesian mutineer! Carry shovels!

Irish Candidate—Faix we will if we're let.

Gage—Take these fellows, McVeagh. They make me tired.

McVeagh—Right shoulder shovels! As you were! Try it again. Half of you don't know your right shoulder from your left.

Irish Candidate—True for you. Neither would you if you worked one-eighth as hard as we do.

McVeagh—Silence in the ranks, shovelers! Attention for the word of command! Carry shovels! Present shovels! Secure shovels!

Irish Candidate—Divil a cent have we to secure them with.

McVeagh—Silence in the ranks! Carry shovels! Present shovels!

Irish Candidate—How the divil can we present what belongs to the Civic Federation?

McVeagh—Count from right to left—one two! In two ranks, form platoon! Right face! March! Shovels Port! Break ranks, march!

Col. Gage—You have done so well, Mac, you had better drill the other platoon in the broom exercise.

McVeagh—All right, Colonel. Attention, Broomadiers! By the right and left flanks, take intervals! March! Halt! Front! Order brooms! Carry brooms! On guard! Dead rat, parry! Guard! Tom cat, parry! Guard! Stale lobster, parry! Guard! Prepare to receive cockroaches! Charge brooms! Passade, develop—thrust! Guard. High cobweb, parry! Guard! High moth, parry, Guard! Shorten on the right! Guard! Attention! Assemble on right broomadier! Halt! Front! Right face! Brooms port! Break ranks. March!

Clark, Gage, Selfridge, et. al.—Very well done, indeed!

McVeagh—Did you notice any deficiency in the men?

Clark—Yes, in a few. This man (pointing to an old Yankee veteran) was rather slipshod.

Waller—For God's sake don't stir another hornets' nest. Let him pass.

Hotz—That Frenchman didn't keep his intervals.

Clark—Don't, on any account, offend the French. They'd say it was your German prejudice.

Waller—This old Platt Deutscher is a little off. Think we had better drop him.

Hotz—For the Lord's sake don't bring the whole German population about our ears!

Clark—This old Irishman who had so much lip. I move we drop him for cause!

Waller—Great God! and get the whole Nineteenth and Twenty-third wards down here as a deputation after us! Are you mad?

Hotz—Here's an Italian that doesn't hold his broom right.

Clark—Great Scott! Do you want to have the Mahaffy after us?

Waller—That Bohemian with the lame hand is a little off color——

Hotz—I protest against interfering with the Slavs, Poles or Bohemians, I don't care which. They're too strong over on the West Side.

Clark—There's a Chinaman——

Phelps (quickly)—I beg, gentlemen, you will not interfere with him. I am a steady customer of Want Moh Tin, who is a cousin of that fellow's.

Clark (desperately)—Who is that fellow in the red cap and baggy breeches that holds his broom as though it hurt his feelings?

Hotz—By Gambrinus, he's a Turk!

Clark—Turn him out—turn him out at once! There are not five Turkish votes in the city!

All—Yes, d—n the Turk! Kick him out! He has no friends!

Exeunt omnes.

MRS. JAMES MCANDREWS of No. 89 Washington boulevard, widow of the late James McAndrews and mother of ex-Building Commissioner McAndrews died Wednesday at the family residence. The funeral took place Friday morning at St. Malachy's church. Interment was at Calvary.

AFTER last Tuesday, the congressman from the Second District, is no longer "Billy" Lorimer. His title now is William the Conqueror.

IN regard to Joe Duffy, the dear public took a contracted view of his candidacy.

THE British Lion is not nearly as formidable as he used to be. He now gets his share of kicks, and takes them without complaint, for fear of bringing on a fight with some fighting power -possibly France or Russia. Uncle Sam is the only power that John Bull dares to flout at present. The following cablegram from China is significant: "Shanghai, Nov. 6—While the former British minister to Pekin, Sir D. R. O'Connor, who has been appointed British minister to Russia, and his family were leaving Pekin their boat collided at Tung Chow with a craft filled with Chinese soldiers. A scuffle is said to have ensued, during which sticks were freely used. Other soldiers on the river bank, it is added, joined in the disturbance by heaving rocks, with the apparent object of sinking the British official's boat. The matter, it appears, was hushed up in order to avoid complications."

THE executive committee of the Irish Parliamentary Party, at their meeting in London Thursday, "fired" Tim Healy from that body and elected Michael Davitt to fill the vacancy. The motion of expulsion was moved by T. P. O'Connor and seconded by Justin McCarthy.

LITERARY.

"The Mysterious Disappearance of Helen St. Vincent—A Story of the Vanished City," is the title under which John J. Flinn's romance of the World's Fair will be issued by George K. Hazlitt & Co., Chicago. The book is now in press and will be ready for the public on Nov. 15. It will be handsomely bound and illustrated, in two forms—paper 50 cents and cloth $1.

DR. A. F. CONROY.

A. F. Conroy, D. D. S., who is established at No. 122 Wabash avenue, is one of the most successful of the younger generation of Chicago's dental practitioners. Dr. Conroy has successfully treated some of the most serious cases of carious teeth and unhealty gums, and he has no superior in the general work of his profession. THE CITIZEN has great pleasure in commending Dr. Conroy to its readers.

O'NEILL IN ROME.

BY T. D. SULLIVAN.

Where yellow Tiber's waters flow,
Within the seven-hilled city's bound,
An aged chief with footsteps slow,
Moves sadly o'er the storied ground;
Or, from his palace window-panes,
Looks out upon the matchless dome,
The ruins grand, the glorious fanes,
That stud the soil of Holy Rome.
But oh! for Ireland far away—
For Ireland in the western sea!
The chieftain's heart is there to-day,
And there, in truth, he fain would be.

On every side the sweet bells ring,
And faithful people bend in pray'r;
Sweet hymns, that angel choirs might sing,
And loud hosannas fill the air;
His place is with the princely crowd,
Amid the noblest and the best;
His large white head is lowly bowed,
His hands are clasped before his breast.
But oh! for Ireland far away—
For Ireland dear, with all her ills—
For mass in fair Tyrone to-day,
Amid the circling Irish hills!

Kind friends are round him, pious freres,
And pastors of Christ's mystic fold;
The holy Pope 'mid many cares,
For him has blessings, honors, gold.
Grave fathers, speaking words of balm,
Bid him forget the by-gone strife,
And spend resigned, in holy calm,
The years that close a noble life.
But oh! for Ireland! there again
The grand old chieftain fain would be,
'Midst glittering spears, on hill or plain,
To charge for Faith and Liberty!

His fellow exiles, men who bore
With him the brunt of many a fight,
Talk past and future chances o'er,
Around his table grouped at night.
While speeds each tale of grief or glee,
With tears their furrowed cheeks are wet,
And oft they rise and vow to see
A glorious day in Ireland yet.
But oh! for Ireland o'er the main,
For Ireland where they shall yet be,
Since Irishmen in France and Spain
Have steel and gold to set her free.

He sits, abstracted, by the board—
Old scenes are pictured in his brain—
Clontibret, Armagh, Yellow Ford,
He fights and wins them o'er again.
Again he sees fierce Bengal fall,
Sees craven Essex basely yield,
Meets armored Segrave, gaunt and tall,
And leaves him lifeless on the field.
But oh! for Ireland there once more
To rouse the true men of the land,
And proudly bear from shore to shore
The banner of the Blood-Red Hand!

And when the wine within him plays,
Bold, hopeful words the chief will speak;
He draws his shining sword, and says,
"The King of England deems me weak—
Ah! would the Englishman were nigh
That hates me most, my deadliest foe,
To cross his sword with mine and try
If this right arm be weak or no;"
But oh! for Ireland! where good swords
And forceful arms are needed most,
To fall on England's cruel hordes,
And sweep them from the Irish coast.

Years come and go, but, while they roll,
His limbs grow weak, his eyes grow dim;
The hopes die out that buoyed his soul—
War's mighty game is closed for him.
Before him from the earth have passed
Friends, kinsmen, comrades true and brave,
And well he knows he nears at last
His place of rest—a foreign grave.
But oh! for Ireland far away,
For Irish love and holy zeal—
Oh! for a grave in Irish clay
To wrap the heart of Hugh O'Neill!

CONFIRMATION CEREMONY.

With pomp and ceremony Archbishop Feehan was escorted and welcomed to the portals of St. Thomas' church, northwest corner of Fifty-fifth street and Kimbark avenue last Sunday afternoon, where he was to give confirmation and the holy sacrament to 100 boys and girls, members of St. Thomas' parochial school.

It had been nearly five years since confirmation had been given to communicants of St. Thomas' church, and the parishioners, headed by the Rev. J. J. Carroll, pastor, and a committee composed of John T. Keating, State President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, M. J. Pierce, James H. Ryan, William H. McMahon, Capt. A. J. Conley and Lawrence Henely, determined to give the Archbishop an elaborate reception.

When Archbishop Feehan left the North Side he was accompanied by Fathers Carroll and Fitzsimmons. In a second carriage were Fathers Tighe and McGuire. At Fifty-first street and Drexel boulevard they were met by a large procession of Catholic societies and escorted to the church. The procession was headed by a platoon of twenty-five police of Inspector Hunt's division, commanded by Lieut. Lavin and Sergt. Mullin.

Archbishop Feehan entered the parish house and was welcomed by Fathers Egan of St. Leo's church, Maloney of St. Lawrence, Murray of St. Bernard's, Glennon and Callaghan of St. Thomas' and Bishop Gabriels, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., who is visiting Father Carroll.

After resting, Archbishop Feehan, preceded by the acolytes and leading the priests, walked to the church through the lines of men who stood at parade rest. There was a large crowd of spectators on the streets. The church was filled to overflowing. After the procession had filed in the confirmation class followed, conducted by the sisters. When they were seated in the body of the church the girls, all dressed in white, on one side of the aisle and the boys on the other, Archbishop Feehan arose and addressed them. He said:

"This confirmation day is a great and holy one, and one to be remembered as a joyous day all through your lives, and when you grow up and are aged you can look back and see it as a happy period in your existence. On being confirmed and receiving the holy sacrament you receive the spirit of God. You should be wise, strong and holy, and God will send you the holy spirit. You are heirs of His inheritance, which God wishes his children to enjoy, the foundation of which is faith. Have the fear of God in your hearts, which is to love Him and keep His holy precepts. The greatest honor you can enjoy is to be a child of God, which all can be, whether you are the children of a king or of a poor man. Confirmation will give you strength and faith to look scoffers in the face and tell them you are enlisted in the faith of your heavenly father."

Archbishop Feehan defined confirmation and told how from the beginning it went on and strengthened men in proof of their faith. He said: "Try some times to examine yourselves and see if you are getting cold in your faith in the heavenly father. Obey God first, then your parents, and reverence your pastor."

After the address Miss Brady sang a solo, and then the ceremony of confirmation took place. There were forty-five girls, forty-nine boys and several adults who had professed the Catholic faith.

Prayer by Father Carroll followed, and a large collection was taken for the benefit of the poor and needy. Then came the benediction by Archbishop Feehan and singing by the full choir.

After the benediction the Rev. J. J. Carroll tendered Archbishop Feehan, Bishop Gabriels, and the priests a reception and dinner in the parish residence. The decorations were in pink, and huge bunches of roses adorned the table. Those who sat down were Archbishop Feehan, Bishop Gabriels, Fathers McGuire of St. James, Fitzsimmons of Holy Name Cathedral, Murray of St. Bernard's, Tighe of the Holy Angels, Egan of St. Leo's, Maloney of St. Lawrence, Glennon and Callaghan of St. Thomas'.

FATHER MULDOON'S FAREWELL.

One thousand young women composed the audience to which Rev. P J. Muldoon addressed his farewell sermon Sunday at the Holy Name cathedral. They were members of the Young Ladies' Sodality, of which society he has been spiritual director for six years. As he retires from the position of chancellor of the archdiocese of Chicago to accept the pastorate of St. Charles Borromeo's church, he severs his connection with the society as its director. He called a meeting of the society Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock to take formal leave of them.

This sodality is one of the largest and most progressive in the United States. It has a membership exceeding 1,000 young women of the cathedral parish. Father Muldoon has been spiritual director of the sodality almost since he succeeded to the post of chancellor seven years ago. The society has prospered under his direction to a remarkable degree, and during this time it has played a prominent part in the educational and charitable work of the parish. He spoke briefly in bidding them farewell, and after he was gone it was decided by the members to present him with a testimonial, which will be arranged for at a subsequent meeting of the sodality.

Father Muldoon preached at 9:30 o'clock mass Sunday morning, but he said no words of farewell to the congregation. His sermon was on the gospel of the day. It was his last appearance in connection with the work of that parish.

Rev. N. J. Mooney, for eight years an assistant pastor at the cathedral, is the new chancellor. He came to the cathedral directly from the American College in Rome, where he was ordained a priest. Father Mooney was born in Amboy thirty-five years ago and his mother is still living there.

THE VILLAGE OF CANA.

Life There During the Time of Christ.

Cana was a thriving village on the great highway through the hills west of the Sea of Galilee. From the main road a number of narrow, irregular streets wandered up and along a low hillside, and were bordered by houses that were built mostly of stone. The inhabitants had need for thrift and industry, if it were only because of the tax-gatherers; for Herod Antipas was building palaces, fortresses, and cities. He was living in magnificence, as were his many officers. All the people of his dominions paid taxes and bribes to him and them.

While the consequences were often painful enough, there were no signs of actual poverty in the vicinity of the well. It stood several paces in front of a dwelling, two stories in height, which seemed somewhat better than its neighbors. The porch along its lower story was thickly clad with vines, and from under these the girl had come to bring her jar to the well. A Jewish maiden of nearly fifteen was accounted a full grown woman, and the slightness of her graceful figure did not interfere with an air of maturity which her present state of mind much increased. Her simple dress, that became her so well, was of good materials.

Ranged on either side of the well were six large, cumbrous-looking water-pots of stoneware, partly filled, for the convenience of any person wishing to perform the foot or hand ablutions required by the exacting ceremonial law of the Jews.

The vine-clad porch was a pleasant place. It was provided with wooden benches; and on one of these sat a man who seemed to consider himself a person of importance. Every movement, and even his attitude when sitting still, might be said to accord with a conviction that he, Rabbi Isaac Ben Nassur, was the wisest, the most learned man in Cana.

He was very tall, as well as broad and heavy; and his thick, gray beard came down to the voluminous sash that was folded around his waist. His eyebrows were black and projecting: his nose was prominent; his black eyes were piercing; he was dressed, as became a rabbi, or any other highly respectable Jew, in a long linen tunic with sleeves, that was belted by the sash. Over this he wore a long, loosely flowing robe, called an "abba," also of linen. Around his shoulders, with the ends falling in front, was a broad white woolen scarf, with narrow bars of red and purple and blue, and with blue tassels at the corners of each of its two ends. This was the "tallith," and was worn as a reminder that the wearer must remember all the commandments of the Law and faithfully perform them.—"*The Sword-maker's Sons*," *by William O. Stoddard, in St. Nicholas for November.*

OBITUARY.

HUMPHREY MOYNIHAN.

Humphrey Moynihan, an old resident of Chicago and prominently identified with politics for many years, died on the morning of Nov. 1 at 2:25 o'clock at his home, No. 268 Superior street. Mr. Moynihan was born in Rochester in 1841. Ten years later he came to Chicago with his parents, who took up their home on the North Side. With the exception of a few years spent in business in Omaha he has spent the last forty-one years of his life in this city. His face was familiar for many years in court circles. For eight years he was a trusted employe of Luther Laflin Mills when that gentleman occupied the position of state's attorney. For four years he was special bailiff in the county court during the term of office of Judge Scales. Since the retirement of the latter Mr. Moynihan has not been engaged in any particular business.

About a year ago his health failed and he was advised to seek a change of climate. He went to West Baden, Ind., for a few weeks, but Chicago ties were too strong, and he came back refreshed somewhat, although by no means a well man. Two months ago he was confined to the house, and for the past two weeks was unable to leave his bed. During the last twenty-six hours of his illness he was unconscious, failing entirely to recognize loving relatives and friends around his bedside to administer to his wants. He just survived the twenty-sixth anniversary of his wedding by one day. He leaves a wife and an aged mother, but no children.

When President Lincoln issued his famous call for 75,000 troops Humphrey Moynihan was among the first in this city to respond. He joined a troop of cavalry and served through the entire war with distinction. He was past commander of American Post, G. A. R., which numbers among its members many of the most prominent war veterans in this city. The direct cause of Mr. Moynihan's death was enlargement of the liver and Bright's disease of the kidneys.

MRS. P. F. O'MALLEY.

On Oct. 29, Alice, the beloved wife of Mr. P. F. O'Malley, died at her residence, 350 Blue Island avenue, after a protracted illness, which she bore with that true Christian resignation so characteristic of her race and creed. The deceased, whose maiden name was Miss Henneberry, was in her 29th year, and was born in the beautiful and historic Glen of Agherlow in the county of Tipperary, Ireland. She came to Chicago about seven years ago, where she soon became acquainted with her husband, who is a brother of Dr. T. F. O'Malley, the popular and well-known high medical examiner of the Catholic Order of Foresters. In the death of Mrs. O'Malley a kind and beloved husband is left bereaved, and two infant children motherless. The funeral took place on Thursday, Oct. 31, from the Holy Family church, where high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Weineman, assisted by the Rev. Father D. P O'Brien and the Rev. Fathers O'Connell and Crowe. The tidings of her early demise will undoubtedly be a painful surprise to her numerous relatives and friends both in Ireland and America. The sympathy extended to the bereaved husband, as well as the high esteem in which the deceased lady was held, was amply testified to by the immense funeral cortege which accompanied the remains to Calvary cemetery from the Union depot over the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad. May the soul of the deceased, who died duly fortified with all the rites of the Holy Catholic church, rest in peace.

NO PARLEY WITH ENGLAND.

(*Irish Republic, Oct. 27.*)

England and the English press are daily growing bolder in their hostile attitude towards the United States. The European powers are watching closely the course of events in Venezuela. Perhaps, while detesting England, they would not be averse to seeing the United States backdown from the Monroe tradition. It would afford precedent for buccaneering expeditions against American territory, North and South. The only policy, the only safe, honorable and in the end, cheapest policy for the United States is prompt espousal of the Venezuelan cause, and an ultimatum to England to get back to British Guiana or accept the arbitration of the sword. Hungering for the gold mines of Venezuela, England also claims a great strip of auriferous territory in Alaska, which our miners there are prepared to defend as United States land. Our national honor as well as our national safety demand prompt and effective action. We must not permit the English to seize one foot of Venezuelan soil, and we must chase their thieving explorers out of Alaska. Better still, we should once and for all, drive the British from every corner of the American continent. They are our enemies, in season and out of season. Every page of our history reveals their hate and perfidy toward the people of the United States. We sincerely hope the government, even at the eleventh hour, will adopt a thoroughly American policy, and cry "Halt!" to English filibustering. If it does, the Irish National Alliance will pledge 20,000 men of as good calibre as wore the sprig of Green at Marye's Heights, or followed the sword of Cleburne to serve "Old Glory" on any part of the American continent from Alaska to the disputed boundary of Venezuela.

IRELAND STILL.

Dedicated to His Grace the Most Rev. Thomas W. Croke, D.D., Archbishop of Cashel.

We're *not* "all Irish now," your Grace,
Though you may term us so.
Our heritage, our pride of race,
We barter with no foe.
We wage the fight our fathers fought
With purpose firm and set.
We'll not be tricked, cajoled, or bought;
Thank God! we're Irish yet!

We're *not* "all English!" when the wind
Shall Cashel's Rock remove
We may—poor helots, basely blind!—
False to our country prove,
But, *until then*, in city, town,
Fair plain, and rugged hill,
We'll work to cast the tyrants down—
Ireland is Ireland still!

We're *not* "all English!" Let who will
For England's smile or gold
Espouse her cause, we're Irish still,
And Irish doctrines hold!
Ay, by those fields where in the past
Our country's foes we met,
We nail our standard to the mast,
Thank God! we're Irish yet!

Ireland is Ireland! It may be
This fight may last for years,
And ere its close again we'll see
A reign of blood and tears!
But conscious that our cause is just,
We'll work with dauntless will!
We'll stoop to take no beggar's crust—
Ireland is Ireland still!

VINDEX.

—*Dublin Journal, Oct. 12.*

A LIVING IRISH MARTYR.

An Appeal to the Irish-American People.

One of the good and true men who in Ireland's dark days tried to loosen England's tyrant chain is Henry McCann, of Glasgow. He has done his best, regardless of self, life or liberty. England—the unscrupulous foe of all liberty-loving people—immured him in her hellish dungeon, Portland Prison, for twelve years. From 1881 to 1893 he suffered a living martyrdom so often the doom of Irish patriots. He is now 71 years old. We confidently appeal to his countrymen in free America to come to his aid and save him from the sad alternative of an English workhouse.

John Sullivan, chairman; John F. Geary, secretary; John Condon, treasurer, 304 West Fifty-fourth street, New York. Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, Patrick O'Brien (Rocky Mountain O'Brien), Maurice Allen, James Coholan, Daniel O'Herlihy, James McKevitt, Daniel O'Mahony, John F. Kearney, Michael McCarthy, Michael O'Brien, Eugene E. Geary, committee.

Mr. Patrick Kane, No. 64 East Adams street, Chicago, was forwarded the above appeal, and is duly authorized to receive subscriptions for the Henry McCann fund.

ST. AGATHA'S CHURCH FAIR.

Two horses and a house and lot in Homan avenue are among the things to be raffled at the St. Agatha's church bazaar. The fair opened Monday night and will continue two weeks. A feature was a procession of nearly 500 persons. St. Agatha's Temperance Society, the Young Men's Altar society, and Washington court and St. Charles Borromeo court of the Catholic Order of Foresters were in the parade. John Devlin was marshal and B. Masterson and John Gubbins were aids. It formed at St. Agatha's church, Douglas Park boulevard and Kedzie avenue, and marched through various streets to Fitzgibbons' hall, 12th street and Albany avenue.

Father Dorney of St. Gabriel's church addressed the meeting. Young women circulated among the guests and collected all their spare change in return for chances on gold watches, sewing machines and the house, lot and two horses. The horses were donated by Superintendent Gleason of Douglas Park, and Dr. McMahon. The lot was given by J. M. Dorney, and is valued at $1,000. A varied programme is to be rendered each night. Thursday night the lady Catholic Foresters were in charge and tried to entertain all the Catholic Foresters in the city.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Napoleon's Grand Army.

In order to apprehend Napoleon's supernal greatness it is essential at this period of his life to shut out of view the man and politician, and fix the eye again on the general; to see him, moreover, solely as a strategist. It may be said that he was for the first and last time unhampered. His political independence and personal popularity were alike secure. His army was the best in Europe, composed of young and well-drilled conscripts, who had been eighteen months under arms with a large nucleus of trained veterans. Of the generals who commanded the seven corps destined for Germany only two, Augereau and Bernadotte, were over forty years of age. The Emperor himself, Soult, Lannes, and Ney, were thirty-six, Davout was thirty-five, and Marmont only thirty-one. Of the division commanders one-half were between thirty and forty, while only a single one was fifty. Not one of these men was commonplace. They knew their profession, and had practiced it with success; they were without an exception self-reliant and enterprising, familiar with their leader's methods and requirements.—*Prof. W. M. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in the November Century.*

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

On next Monday evening, Nov. 11, the first annual meeting of the Irish-American Lyceum will be held at Columbia Hall Building, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets. It will be the first anniversary of one of the grandest and most successful undertakings of the young Irish girls and boys in Chicago. Since its inception one year ago it has grown and progressed so rapidly that it is, today, regarded as the leading Irish literary society in the city. A very large meeting is anticipated, and it will be well for those who intend being present to remember that the meeting is called for 8:15 o'clock, and that the strictest punctuality will be rigidly observed. Free admission tickets will be sent on application to John J. Sherlock, 1 and 3 Dix street, or can be obtained at the entrance to the hall Monday evening. Doors open at 7:30. The programme will consist of the election of officers for the ensuing year; several musical numbers, songs and recitations; and the address of the evening will be on "Military Opportunities for Young Irish-Americans," and will be delivered by a young and ardent supporter of civil liberty—Mr. Michael J. O'Shea, who is also an officer in the Seventh Regiment, I. N. G.

UNDISMAYED.

To the Men of Ireland.

(*Dublin Journal, Oct. 19.*)

Though foes may say our cause is dead,
Hope on! work on! the end's not yet,
The land for which your fathers bled,
Will ye, like soulless curs forget?
No! though to England some may look,
And meekly whine for alien doles,
We'll fight while runs an Irish brook,
Or round our coasts old Ocean rolls!
The final word has not been said—
The cause of Ireland is not dead!

Work on! fight on! the slave may sneer,
The dastard cower—we want not these.
Let Ireland's voice, unmoved by fear,
Defiant ring across the seas,
Proclaiming that the thieves must give,
Sooner or later, what they stole
Back to her sons, that while we live
We will not brook unjust control.
Work on, claim payment of the debt,
Our country is not conquered yet!

PARTHALON.

Bally-ath-Cliath, Oct. 15, '95.

IRISH ITEMS.

CORK WANTS TO DO ITS OWN LIGHTING.

The corporation of Cork has decided to take the public lighting of the city into its own hands. It has been decided to apply for a provisional order for the establishment of a systen of electric lighting under corporate control. The initial expenditure is estimated at about £20,000, and the annual outlay for maintenance at £3,000.

THE COMING IRISH FEIS.

At a meeting of the Irish Feis Executive Committee held in Dublin a few days ago, Surgeon-General King occupied the chair, and Dr. Annie Patterson acted at honorary secretary; there were also present Miss Edith Oldham, Count Plunket, Dr. Sigerson, Thomas O'Neill Russell, Owen Lloyd, B.L.; J. Muldoon, B.L.; George Coffey, W. O'L. Curtis, and P. J. McCall. A letter was read from William Charles Oborthur, the celebrated harpist, stating that he had composed a quartette for four harps on Irish airs which had been received with much gratification at Rathfarnham abbey, and offering it for performance at the Feis. Great satisfaction was expressed at the offer, and it was decided to write to Mr. Oborthur thanking him for his suggestion. Count Plunkett, the treasurer, reported the response to the circular asking for promises for the guarantee fund had been very poor, and but few subscriptions had been received. The committee expressed the hope that the Irish public would render assistance at the present stage, as no satisfactory progress can be made with the project till the financial prospect is assured. A deputation will wait on the Corporation of Dublin to enlist their support for the movement.

SILVER AND LEAD MINES IN TIPPERARY TO BE RE-OPENED.

Negotiations, which have been in progress for some time past between an English mining company and Lord Dunally regarding the re-opening of the extensive silver, lead and other mines on his property near Nenagh, have come to a satisfactory termination, and preparations are already being made to proceed with the work. The existence and resources of these mines are almost unknown to the present generation, although a little more than a quarter of a century ago they attracted world-wide attention by the variety, richness and abundance of the minerals which they yielded. The quantity of ores is said to be beyond calculation and of great value. The deposits are comprised in a vast area extending for miles along the sides of the mountains which stretch out from Keeperhill. In some places they are found on or near the surface, and in others the lodes dip into the earth, but for the most part they are found to occupy a high position. Silver, lead and copper are the most plentiful ores, but the mines have also been prolific in the production of other minerals, including cobalt, gossan, nickel, etc., while gold samples are also said to have been found. The mines have now been closed for going on forty years, and many suggestions and efforts made towards their re-opening have, up to the present, proved unproductive of any good results. The mountains where the mines are situate are in parts well covered with timber, and as the facility of having wood on the spot is very essential for the mining and smelting purposes this is an appreciable advantage. The mines were inspected some time ago by experts deputed by the company, and so pleased were they with the result of their inspection that they are represented to have at once decided on coming to terms with Lord Dunally for a lease. When the mines were last worked the mineral had to be conveyed by boats from Dromineer Bay on the Shannon, the cartage to which place formed a big item of expense. The Great Southern & Western and Waterford & Limerick lines are at present running into the districts, so that train and other facilities are readily available, and nothing is wanting which can contribute to the success of the great undertaking.

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

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"The Niagara Falls Route."

The Commissioner of Railroads of the State of Michigan gave, in his annual report for 1893, the following valuable and voluntary expert testimony to the character of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," from Chicago to New York, Boston and the East, after a careful inspection of the system:

"Nothing can be added in the way of favorable comment on this excellent line. The main line is as near perfection in the way of construction, appointments, service and able management as can be conceived in modern railroading. No skill or expenditure has been spared to make it the model railroad of the country. Improvements are constantly being added in the way of heavier and substantial construction, interlocking appliances, etc. The general appearance of the property, the symmetry of the grade, cleanliness of the right of way, station buildings with ornamental and well-kept grounds and perfect fences, attract special attention."

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A LESSON IN CHARITY

BEQUEST OF THE COUNTESS OF RICHMOND TO FORTY OLD WOMEN.

It Has Been Observed Every Saturday Morning For Nearly 400 Years—A Dear Old Lady Whose Office In Well Doing Has Not Become "Commonplace."

In respect to quaint and curious customs in England, instituted in some instances at a time when "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," time seems to have stood still for centuries. Some of these observances are kept up daily, others weekly, and others only at certain seasons of the year.

One of the most interesting and philanthropic of these ancient customs it was the writer's privilege to witness during a recent visit to London—i. e., that of the bestowal of alms, beef and bread in the dining hall of Westminster college. This bequest comes from the good Countess of Richmond, otherwise Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII, wife of Edmund Tudor, earl of Richmond. During her life she was reckoned "a great and noble woman, to whom the king, her son, owed everything." She was noted for her charities and interest in things educational. She had founded St. John's and Christ's colleges at Cambridge; also a chair of divinity at both universities and contributed to the endowment of her son's chapel, in connection with which she left the bequest, to 40 indigent old women, of a loaf of bread, 1½ pounds of beef and twopence to be distributed each Saturday morning at 11 o'clock.

All this and much more as interesting we had heard from the lips of our guide through Westminster abbey as we stood beside the tomb of black marble, with its kneeling portrait—effigy to Margaret, which represented her in her old age, the delicate and most characteristic hands raised in prayer.

"This bequest," continued our guide, "has been observed without a single omission every Saturday morning at 11 o'clock since the year of the good countess' death, which was in 1509."

Being yet more interested in customs than in tombs, in life observances rather than dead people, we inquired the way to the place where the alms would be distributed, and whether we might be privileged to witness the observance of this time honored custom. We were given the directions all right, but the guide could not successfully conceal his surprise that we should care to hunt up anything so commonplace. In all these years he had never heard of anybody whose curiosity went to such lengths.

Arriving at the college shortly before 11 o'clock we were halted at the foot of the stairs by a policeman, who told us no one except the recipients of alms was permitted to go inside, but, then, he "had never heard of any one caring to go in." However, he "did not see what harm it could do" (this after receiving a generous "tip"), and he would simply not look at us passing in, and the janitor could settle with us once we were inside. So we mounted the narrow, crooked stairs, and were met by an angel at the top landing, said angel being Mrs. Bow, wife of the janitor, who with her husband has been for 32 years the dispenser of this peculiar bequest. A dear, motherly soul, with the kindest face we thought we had ever seen, and with a light we afterward knew was a reflection of her good heart. The hair, like drifted snow, combed high off a really noble brow, seemed a very halo about her benign face.

With a smile instead of a reproach for our intrusion she showed us in the hall, which seemed to be put to double use as schoolroom and dining room, since the walls were lined with blackboards and maps, and floor space taken up with long, bare tables, with equally long and bare benches for seats, both of which were whittled and carved as only nineteenth century boys could have whittled and carved them. On a side table were counted out and laid in systematic rows 40 loaves of white bread and 40 pieces of good beef, each weighing 1½ pounds, while in a bowl were exactly 80 pennies, two of which would be given to each old lady or her representative, for many were now too old or too infirm to call in person for the alms.

Soon they began to gather, and by the stroke of 11 all were in. Old women they were, so old we wondered how they ever had gotten there, or, reaching the house, how they had crawled up stairs. One there was whom we felt reasonably sure had come for her last time. She could not speak so she could be heard, nor could we see her breathe until good Mrs. Bow had gotten her "a drop" of wine. We still have our doubts about her ever reaching her home as we saw her later resting every few yards on the way.

But the most pitiful feature of this altogether novel almsgiving was to see the pathetically old children, all wrinkled and dwarfed by poverty's cruel wand, who had come in place of parents or grandparents now too feeble to longer come themselves.

Mr. and Mrs. Bow knew each one, old or young, by name, and when the name was called either that one or the person acting as representative would go forward to receive her portion, and with it never failingly a motherly pat on the shoulder and a few words of cheer, which Mrs. Bow would bestow with tears of sympathy which all these years of serving in this capacity had not hardened her to repress. She at least has never been able to see the "commonplace" in this charity. She deals it out religiously and has never grown weary in such righteous work. Blessings on her and on the gracious Countess of Richmond for this object lesson in charity, the like of which, if to be found anywhere else on earth, we know not of it.—Mary Semple Bayard in Pittsburg Dispatch.

A petrified frog found in an Elmira (N. Y.) stone quarry in 1886 was 2 feet 8 inches in length and weighed over 100 pounds.

HANDSOME PREMIUMS!

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"THE CITIZEN."

THE CITIZEN offers the following premiums to subscribers and organizers of clubs:

To any subscriber, who pays all arrears, and one year in advance and brings in two new paid up subscriptions, either of the following instructive, entertaining and valuable books:

1. "Picturesque Ireland," containing three volumes in one, and including the history, scenery, people, myths and folk-lore; the ancient abbeys, towers, castles and other monastic and attractive features by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. This work contains over 500 beautiful engravings, by noted artists, printed on paper made expressly for the book, bound in cloth, with black, gold and silver sides and black.

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These two latter valuable household books are especially designed for the ladies.

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To any Subscriber who pays all arrears and one year in advance, and who brings in one new paid up subscriber "The Victory Watch," adapted especially for workingmen and persons with small incomes; a perfect time piece. To subscribers not in arrears who pay in advance, and bring in two new subscribers, this offer is also open.

All these offers are open for a reasonable time and advantage should be taken of them at once.

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"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

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SPOOKS AT THE KEYS.

The Weird Experience of a Railroad Telegraph Operator.

A knot of dispatchers were discussing their experiences at Minneapolis recently, when a reporter joined the group. James F Forbes, chief dispatcher of a division of the Chicago, Burlington and Northern railroad, was telling a story which had something of the uncanny about it. When he had finished, the dispatchers shrugged up their shoulders and asked each other suggestively: "Do you believe in the psychic forces?" or "Do you believe in telepathy?" No one answered, but an elderly dispatcher who sat near said he believed in theosophy.

The story told by Forbes was as follows: "About 15 years ago," said Mr. Forbes, "I was employed at a small way station called Lucan, on the Grand Trunk railroad in Canada. It was not very far from the American border, at which was the town of St. Mary's. To the east of Lucan was another station called Stratford, then headquarters of the train dispatcher, and quite a town. I was night operator and dispatcher at Lucan. I suppose all stories of this kind open up on the customary dark and stormy night, to make the narrative good, but this is a true experience, and the night was really dark and stormy. There was no lightning. It only rained, and the wind howled around the little station in a dismal way, making grewsome company at best. As I sat there near the instrument, idle for a moment, I heard the clicking of the keys. It was the train dispatcher at Stratford calling up the operator at St. Mary's, and I mechanically listened to the message. It was the usual form, 'Hold No. 1 and No. 2 for orders.' The operator at St. Mary's repeated the message correctly and signed his name on the key.

"In about 30 minutes I again heard the clicking of the dispatcher's key, and listened. By this time the sound of the wind soughing among the trees had become terribly mournful. So the clicking of the key was company and music at the same time, and this is probably the reason I paid such close attention to it. I distinctly heard the message, and to my dying day I will be prepared to take my oath to it: 'St. Mary's, No. 2 and No. 20 may proceed. Signed, Galbart and Farr.'

"I knew that Galbart was the dispatcher at that place and that Farr was head switch tender, and, according to the rules of the road, both men were required to countersign a train order before it became effective. So I thought nothing more of it until I heard the order properly repeated and discharged. Then suddenly the keys clicked again, and St. Mary's said the message was received, but not understood, as no reference had been made to trains No. 2 and No. 20 before. Then the dispatchers at both stations called me up and asked what I had heard, and I answered back over the wire the exact message as it had clicked itself through my office. There was more clicking and talking, and then came from both St. Mary's and Stratford: 'We can find no such record in any of the dispatcher's files. It is not in the chief dispatcher's records.'

"I was completely astounded," continued Mr. Forbes, "and I could not make it out. I was positive I had heard the message go through. Then the dispatchers along the line began to joke and wired such messages as 'ghosts,' 'spooks.' They were not as strict as they are now.

"The whole thing made me nervous, for a train dispatcher doesn't like such jokes while in the discharge of responsible work. Well, we never got track of that message.

"That night No. 2 cleared on time and went bowling up the track. And here is where the really uncanny part of the story comes in. At the little station called St. Paul, on the Canadian side, train No. 20 was side tracked and stood with steam hissing as No. 2 rushed past. It was an unusual thing, for No. 20 never stopped there and always waited at another station. So a horrible calamity was averted by a mysterious ghostly message. If No. 20 had not learned by the inquiries over the wire that something was the matter with the train orders, it would have rushed past the station and met in horrible collision with No. 2.

"I don't pretend to explain it," remarked Mr. Forbes, closing the narrative, "and it probably never will be explained."—Minneapolis Tribune.

Puffery and Twaddle.

I am weary of reading the encomiums which are heaped upon the barroom loafers who pose as "raconteurs," the young men of fashion who condescend to "go into trade," the "plucky" actresses who at a moment's notice assume a role which they have been diligently understudying for months and the "literary" women whose parlors are filled on Sunday evenings with the very cream of the great "aristocracy" of brains and culture. I believe that in the course of time a few other people will become as tired of twaddle of this description as I am, but it is possible by that time, too, that other living creatures besides the human race will come in for their share of puffery.

It would be a comparative relief to read an article on "Popular Car Horses Who Drag Our Bobtail Cars," "Favorite Croton Bugs Who Patronize Well Known Hotels," and "Brave Goats Who Defy the Harlem Police." Indeed some of our dailies have already waxed eloquent over "our Central park baboons" and "Talks with Maggie, the African Missing Link," or with "Chiko, the Learned Chimpanzee," are getting quite common.—Bachelor of Arts.

Schoolboy Repartee.

The two youngsters stared hard at one another.

"What's de matter witcher?" cried one. "Next time yer see me, mebbe yer'll know me."

A sneer curled the other's lips.

"I won't if yer wash yer face."—Philadelphia Call

WOOING A WIDOW.

After Considerable Experience Mr. Peterkin Found the Right Method.

"I have often wondered," said Squire Ben, "why it was that some women are overwhelmed with suitors, so to speak, while others have not a solitary one. There is something queer about it, but perhaps it comes from perfectly natural conditions, but of which we are unaware. And this reminds me of a story. Some thirty odd years ago—I don't know exactly how many, but it was some time during the war of the rebellion—I heard a story which a returned soldier was reading in a newspaper to a little group around him, to their great enjoyment. The story made such an impression on me that I haven't forgotten it and will tell it in outline.

"Mr. S. C. Peterkin was a prosperous young man of business in New York city, who got ahead in spite of his constitutional modesty. This was his way in society more than in trade. He was afraid of women more than men. For a long, long time he had set his heart upon a lovely young lady named Violet. He often called upon her and resolved again and again to offer her his heart and hand, but as often that heart failed him. At last he became alarmed by the fact that the dashing Captain Latham of one of the sound steamers was often at the house when he called to see Violet. At last he could not bear the suspense any longer, and he ventured, with much hesitancy and awkwardness, but with do or die determination, to ask her if she would be his wife. With remarkable coolness she replied:

" 'You should have spoken long ago, Mr. Peterkin. I have been engaged to Captain Latham for some time past, and we are to be married very shortly. I am sorry to disappoint you, but we will be as good friends as ever, and you must come to see me just the same. The captain will always be glad to have your company.'

"Peterkin went away sorrowful. But a brighter day soon dawned, for within three months after they were married the captain fell off the steamer in a fog on the sound and was drowned. Now Peterkin took heart. He would have the widow. A year of mourning wore slowly away. He kept his eye on the widow, but would not insult the memory of the dead by proposing until a decent interval had passed. The year ended, and he laid his heart again at the little feet of Violet. She heard him quietly and gently remarked: 'My dear Mr. Peterkin, I am sorry to disappoint you again, but for the last six months I have been engaged to Dr. Jones. It was hard for me to make up my mind between him and his friend, the handsome Lawyer Bright, but Dr. Jones was so good to me while I was sick in the winter after my husband's death that I promised him I would be his at the end of the year.'

"So poor Peterkin retired once more. The Widow Latham became Mrs. Dr. Jones, and so remained, while the discomfited Peterkin wished the doctor might take enough of his own pills to make an end of him. Time passed on. Peterkin was walking down Broadway one day, while not far ahead of him he saw two men, one of whom he knew to be this hated Dr. Jones. A large flat stone was being hoisted to the coping of a new building. The ropes gave way. It fell and instantly killed the two men.

"Peterkin rose to the emergency of the moment. For the dead he could be of no avail. His thoughts were on the widow. He turned, he ran, he flew, to her abode. When she entered the room where he awaited her, he began: 'My dear Mrs. Jones, I bring you dreadful news. I was walking on Broadway when I saw a stone fall from a house upon your poor husband, and he is dead, but you must let me comfort you. I beg you now to be mine—my Violet at last.'

" 'Dear Mr. Peterkin, I am so sorry, but when Dr. Jones and Mr. Bright were both begging me to marry I took the doctor and promised Mr. Bright if anything happened to Jones I would certainly be his. So you see I am engaged. I am sorry, for I think a great deal of you, my dear Peterkin.'

"Peterkin was very calm and self contained. He said, 'And will you promise to be mine when the lawyer is no more?' 'Certainly I will, with all my heart and soul.' 'Then come to my arms, my Violet, for the same stone that killed the doctor was the death of Bright, and you are mine at last!' "—Boston Herald.

How a Man's Life Was Saved.

The soldier is fed, clothed and housed, and after the bill has been paid he starts with about sixpence in his pocket to spend as he likes after a day of not excessive work. An increase of pay means an increase in the sixpence and an increase in his drinking abilities. Do not cry out that I mean to run down the soldier. He does what other men do—as I do, as you do, so does the soldier. Work over, I turn into my club. I can talk to my friends around the billiard table over a glass of whisky. He turns into his club—the public—and talks to his friends around the bagatelle table, over a pot of beer. I am subject to no temptation to exceed. He is exposed to a great deal, and he does exceed.

The most wretched time in my life was during the Zulu campaign, taken from the comfortable side of life. It was a teetotal war, and I quenched my thirst with weak tea, but my spirit craved for companion spirits, and did not those smaller and weaker units crave as I did? But it was a time when crime among the soldiers was absent.

I met the regiment on its way out of the battle of Ulundi. The men were hot, weary and covered with dust. A company passed, led by a captain. He was of stout habit, and was suffering. He was, moreover, an especial friend, so I pulled out the flask of whisky I had carried in case of emergencies and gave him a drink. The poor fellow's eyes glistened as he pressed it to his lips, and he handed it back with a sigh of satisfaction. "Oh, Jack, you have saved my life!" There were 900 men in the regiment—which of them did not feel as that man felt?—Blackwood's Magazine.

Fish Story Vouched For by 20,000.

"The most remarkable thing I ever saw done by a fish," said Will Mussey, "did not happen on any faraway lake, but right here in Chicago. It was during the railroad exposition, held many years ago in the old Interstate Exposition building, on the lake front. Many of the railway companies had fine exhibits of fish, taken from lakes and streams on the lines of their respective roads. A Wisconsin road had a splendid exhibit of black bass and graylings, and the large tank containing them was always surrounded by crowds of fishermen.

"I was standing there one afternoon watching a huge bass and wishing I had him at the end of a good line in some good water when I noticed a grayling which seemed disposed to be gay. He circled around the big bass a couple of times and then nipped him. He was probably just in fun, but I could see that the bass did not like it. The big fellow had been asleep, and perhaps he awoke with a bad taste in his mouth. He made no move toward the grayling, which became emboldened at this, and after hovering around the black fellow for a moment made another dive at him. Like a flash the bass turned to one side and with a snap grabbed the grayling by the back fin.

"His eyes shone with rage. He was the personification of anger and ferocity. There was a swirl of water, and when it was over the grayling was quivering in his death agonies. The bass drew back a few feet and opened his jaws. Never until then did I realize the possibilities of the jaws of a black bass. He seemed all mouth, and he made a running jump at the grayling and caught him head first. Now the grayling, while not so heavy as the bass, was fully as long. I did not think that the bass was going to attempt to swallow the grayling.

"It would be like my trying to swallow Jake Schaefer. But that is what he did, and, what is more, he succeeded. He worked him down slowly, lying quietly in one corner of the tank, while thousands vainly tried to get near. He started this banquet at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. At 10 o'clock at night the grayling was half way down. There was but little change the next morning, and it was four days before the tail of that grayling. There are 20,000 people in Chicago who can vouch for every word of this."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Joke on His Head.

There is a man in the treasury department who has it in for somebody. He doesn't know who, but he will find out in time.

He had not many friends in the office. He was too mercenary to be popular, so when he appeared one morning with a new silk hat they made up their minds he shouldn't enjoy it long.

As soon as a chance offered the leader of the conspirators neatly folded a piece of paper and laid it in the inside band of the hat. Of course it was unnoticed by the wearer. Next day he put in another, and next day another. Once it was noticed when he put the hat on he took it off, glanced anxiously inside to make sure it was his hat, then fitted it on his head as best he could.

Toward the end of the week, when a fresh paper had been added each day, he began to talk about how peculiar it was that the hat had grown more uncomfortable each day, until he felt as though he didn't want to appear in it.

Then he became alarmed and thought he had some disease of the head. Then he confided to a fellow clerk that he was going to consult a physician that day. His friend took the beaver in his hand—tried it on his head. "That's a good fit. What'll you take for it?" The answer came quickly, "Two dollars."

"Here's your $2," and the clerk closed the transaction by paying up and taking the beaver. The other sought the doctor, who prescribed for him, charged him $2 and told him to come again. The man has been making regular visits for the benefit of his head. Saturday he found out the joke and at the same time discovered the trouble with his head. He had wheels. The other man has the beaver.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Jilting and How to Do It.

It is practically admitted, even by matrons of no particular charm, that, although a girl behaves very badly when she jilts a man, she behaves better than if, longing to jilt him, she abstained from exercising her privilege. This, to be sure, is exactly one of the concessions which good natured man makes to the frailty of the fair, and it is certain to irritate earnest womankind very much. I cannot help it—men do tolerate a lady jilt. They say, "Poor little soul!" We never read that any girl was miraculously struck down dead in the act of jilting.

I have heard of a lady who, in an unguarded moment, accepted a devout evangelical clergyman. He bade her kneel down with him and implored a blessing on their union, and as he did so she was occupied in thinking how she was to get out of it. Surely we cannot blame her for getting out of it. Indeed the blame attaches to those who get into it.—Andrew Lang in Longman's Magazine.

A Cat Story.

May I add to your animal stories a striking instance of that spirit of jealousy which insists on all or none? I had a cat which had long been an inmate of the house and received all the attentions which it is well known old maids lavish on such animals. Finding the mice were more than one cat could attend to, I secured a kitten and wished to keep the two. My cat was indignant and in very plain language requested the kitten to go. I endeavored to make peace, lifted both on to the table and expostulated with puss. She listened with a sullen expression and then suddenly gave a claw at the kitten's eye. I scolded and beat her, upon which she left the house, and I never saw her again.—London Spectator.

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St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 86th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4089 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

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Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Folsy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John Metz; Treas, Val Schmitt-schmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John G Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Dineen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry B Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Enlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 39 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Nensen, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 573 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3803 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Runi's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5600 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Bockling, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Senagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

St Aloysius No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2533 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 3991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3940 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 256 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller Meet in Arnold's Wednesday hall.

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 362 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John Cushman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cassat and Chicago av

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OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.

OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.

OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH. WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.

OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

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No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH. HUNTING CASE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.

OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH. OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.

OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

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"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

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Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

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14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin movements, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $

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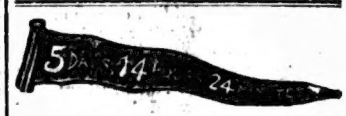

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